

## Chocolate Strawberries

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## Chocolate Strawberries

by [seryters](#)

### Summary

“Hi,” Dream greets with as much sweetness as he can muster without killing himself. Being nice to George feels wrong, so the act Dream is trying to sell is definitely not selling. “Uh, how are you?”

George shuts his locker curtly and the bubble he makes with his gum pops right in front of Dream’s face, “Is that a question for me? Or for yourself?”

Dream really wants to tell George that he’ll wish it was meant for Dream (once he lands a mean uppercut on the brunet’s jaw).

Dream is too busy hating his enemy to know what love feels like.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“I’m not doing it.”

Dream shakes his head stubbornly, a frown tugging on his lips and threatening to remain permanent if Sapnap continues to push. Sapnap, however, has no care for the wrinkles that begin to crease Dream's forehead and *continues to push*.

"Come on, you promised!" Sapnap whines, tugging on Dream's arm as if that'll convince him. It only serves to annoy him further, but it's not like Sapnap picks up on that either.

"That was *before* I found out I had to ask *George* of all people," Dream chimes in with an irritated groan, yanking his arm back. "You know I can't stand him."

Dream tries to walk away from the conversation, but Sapnap swiftly moves in front of him and spreads his arms out. "Oh no you don't."

They glare at each other for a few long seconds, neither of them willing to back down. To an outsider, it would look ridiculous, but to Dream and Sapnap, it's common enough to be normal. They only snap out of their little staring contest when the bell rings.

"I did not let that old lady chat me up so that you could steal that stupid book for you to bail on me during my time of need." Sapnap asserts. "You *owe* me, Dream."

That much is true. Dream *had* used Sapnap to steal a book he needed for his research paper. Forty dollars for something he'd probably never read again was just way too much.

"Thought you liked milfs," Dream teases, raising an eyebrow at Sapnap.

Sapnap scowls, "That was not a milf. That was a whole.. gilf."

The worst part about being an alpha and having an alpha bestfriend is the competitive flare that drives the relationship on the thin thread. Arguments take hours and sometimes even spiral. It's only because the two of them are so dependent on one another that they haven't tried ripping each other's throats out yet.

Dream sighs in defeat. It's his turn to lose.

“God, fine!” He tosses his hands up in the air, tuning out Sapnap’s triumphant cheers. “I just hope you know that when this ends up becoming a homicide, I’m telling the cops you told me to do it.”

“Oh, stop being so dramatic,” Sapnap laughs, slinging an arm around Dream’s shoulder as the two of them head towards the cafeteria. “You guys are going to college soon. Are you gonna keep this immature rivalry going for another four years?”

Dream speaks without hesitation, “If I have to, yeah, but hopefully it won’t have to come to that.”

As if on cue, a familiar scent reaches Dream and causes him to hold his breath. The reaction spells out everything Sapnap needs to know. It’s also all that Sapnap gets because they’re considerably far from Satan’s little spawn and he can’t pick up on the distinctive scent from such a distance like Dream can. In fact, it seems to be something *only* Dream has been able to do and Dream credits it to the decade he’s spent hating the haughty omega.

Know thy enemies or whatever.

George waltzes past them with his boy toy of the week. His bubblegum pops loud enough to make Dream wince and when their eyes meet, Dream makes sure to glare at the prancing brunet. He only gets a coy smirk in return.

“Because I’m going to make sure I’m far, *far* away from him.”

Every class is equal, therefore everyone is equal. Each class wields some sort of power to keep things in balance. If that wasn’t the case, the alphas would’ve wiped out the other classes by now. Some people still think that should be the case, but Dream likes to consider himself a ‘nice’ alpha. He’s aggressive by nature, but he has morals and he never demands power.

That is unless it comes to a certain brunet with a sharp tongue and an enticing strawberry scent.

George has always been infuriatingly good at pushing all of Dream’s buttons. It’s not like Dream makes them easy to find either, but George has a talent for driving Dream to his wit’s end. Repeat

that a few hundred times and it's no surprise that Dream dreads every minute he has to spend with or even around George.

George loathes him all the same which makes things more confusing. Generally, when two people hate each other, contact between them is minimal. However, it seems like George's definition of hatred is different from Dream's. Dream aims to ignore and George aims to taunt.

Don't get Dream wrong. When presented with the opportunity, he loves knocking George down a peg and showing him where he belongs. Those matters are trivial though and centering himself around them is a waste of his time.

On the other hand, George will actively seek chances to get on Dream's nerves. Anybody with a working brain cell would think that testing Dream is a death wish, but that just makes things more fitting. Of course George doesn't think things through.

Or maybe he has and he knows Dream too well. Knows that Dream is too soft to hit him. At least when it comes to solely violence.

"Hi," Dream greets with as much sweetness as he can muster without killing himself. Being nice to George feels wrong, so the act Dream is trying to sell is definitely not selling. "Uh, how are you?"

George shuts his locker curtly and the bubble he makes with his gum pops right in front of Dream's face, "Is that a question for me? Or for yourself?"

Dream really wants to tell George that he'll *wish* it was meant for Dream (once he lands a mean uppercut on the brunet's jaw), but if he does, he'll tear this plan to shreds. So, he exhales deeply and counts to three before plastering another smile on his face and carrying on with the conversation.

"For you," he replies, leaning against the lockers. Trying to have a civil conversation with George was even more exhausting than Dream had originally imagined. His body—which can normally run a mile without getting tired—is already screaming at him from overexertion.

It also doesn't help that he's starting to get light-headed from holding his breath every now then in an attempt to inhale as little of George's suffocating scent as possible.

His posture appears to give off the wrong impression because George eyes him up and down once before snorting in disbelief, “You know, I knew it was only a matter of time before you made a move, but this is honestly disappointing. I was expecting more from the heartthrob of the school.”

There’s a pause while George tucks a strand of his fringe behind his ear.

“Second to me of course.”

“I’m not flirting with you!” Dream makes a face of disbelief. The gears in his head come to a screeching halt and the miniature Sapnap that has been pushing them for the past two minutes falls into an abyss. “*A matter of time?* I would *nev-*”

“Okay, okay. I was joking,” George sighs with a roll of his eyes, harboring a brutally bored countenance. “So, tell me. To what do I owe this pleasure?”

No more than thirty minutes prior, Dream had rehearsed his lines for this conversation for the umpteenth time with Sapnap. He had memorized the question he was supposed to ask word for word. It was a pretty simple question at that which makes the situation he’s in even more embarrassing.

His mind is drawing a blank.

“You’re having a party this weekend, right?” Dream tries.

It sounds stupid because everyone *knows* whenever George throws a party. He makes sure to post it on his instagram and snapchat stories for his tens of thousands of followers—even if it’s invite-only. It’s another opportunity for him to boast about his popularity and riches. Dream has better things to do than to keep up with these posts, but when it’s the only thing everyone at the school is talking about, knowing is inevitable.

“I am. To congratulate myself on being valedictorian,” George confirms, raising an eyebrow to show that his interest is piqued again. “Why are you asking the obvious?”

“I was wondering if, uh,” Dream bites his tongue to stop himself from cringing at how incredibly awkward all of this is. “If your friend was gonna be there? The one that went to your old private school. Smells like those sweets at fun fairs.”

“Karl,” George supplies the name with a curious grin that makes Dream feel even more nauseous. “I’m surprised you know so much about him. Care to tell me how? Or why, maybe?”

*Because my best friend is head over heels for him and has way too much free time on his hands.*

The first and only time Sapnap had spoken to Karl was at George’s annual “back to school” party a few weeks ago. Apparently a few shots and three hours of talking was all it took to butter Sapnap down. Since then, he’s been talking about Karl nonstop and being his best friend, Dream has had to listen to all those late night rants.

Apparently an intoxicated Sapnap was also unable to get Karl’s number, socials, or even his last name. The only useful thing he managed to learn was that his mystery boy attended George’s old private school.

So here they were.

“We ran into each other,” Dream answers with a shrug, not really knowing what to say. “A friend of mine wanted to see him again.”

George snickers at that, “You can say Sapnap, Dream, I won’t tell.”

Dream wants to argue that it isn’t Sapnap—as much of a lie as that is—not really because he wants to defend the ravenette, although that does play a part in it, but rather because he can’t stand George being right.

George seems to read his mind.

“Oh, please. Are you going to say that wasn’t who you were talking about?” George tilts his head, eyes glimmering a pretty ocean blue when they fall in the single stream of sunlight. “Hate to be the bearer of bad news, but it’s not really a secret that he’s your only friend.”

There it is. That conniving tongue of his twisting all the right words together to get Dream’s blood pressure spiking to new heights.

Dream hates having to silence the venom burning like acid in his own mouth. If he didn't owe Sapnap a favor, he would've taught George his place by now. He's not sure how, but he would've.

It's laughable, to be fair. Dream has tried to prevent George from messing with him for years and it's never worked so chances are, it wouldn't work this time around either. But that flame of determination residing within him has yet to be watered.

"Well, good for me I guess," George shrugs, tossing a glance over his shoulder, and Dream follows his gaze to the brunette's boy toy. George doesn't stare at him for long, seemingly bored quickly and much more interested in catching how Dream reacts to his next set of words.

"I'd hate to know another omega got a taste of you before I did."

Pointy ivory fangs peek past puckered lips and Dream's eyes betray him by curiously watching. George smirks, but to Dream's luck, he doesn't say anything. Not about Dream's staring at least.

"Everyone talks about how good you'd fuck them," George sighs softly, reaching up to trace a finger down Dream's clenched jaw, clearly enjoying the display of frustration. "Almost as often as how good they'd fuck me."

Dream lunges forward, forcing George against the lockers. There's a demanding clatter that sounds when his hands slam down on either side of George's head. George looks surprised, but it teeters on amusement more than fear.

"Jealous?" George laughs in disbelief, still so witty even when he has an alpha looming over him with an almost murderous intent. "Want me to stroke your ego? Tell you that you'd fuck me the best?"

The pout George gives Dream is taunting and Dream feels his anger burn hotter. These words shouldn't affect him. He shouldn't care about what people thought of him, let alone what George thought of him. He also shouldn't care about what people thought of George.

But he does.

“Is something going on here?”

Dream turns his head slowly, eyes locking with the new alpha George is using as an accessory. The unnamed guy falters under the intensity of Dream’s gaze, but Dream backs away nonetheless, not interested in making a scene.

George slips away from Dream and presses himself up against his boyfriend, comfortably relaxing under the arm that wraps around his shoulder. He whispers words to ease the tension, soft lips hovering over a trembling ear, and Dream looks away.

“Well, to be honest, I don’t think you’re the best,” George shrugs, turning around in step with the person that’s soon going to be forgotten.

“Feel free to prove me wrong though.”

“What do you *mean* you didn’t get a confirmation?” Sapnap cries out, grabbing Dream by the shoulders and shaking him roughly. “You spent like- half an hour talking with him and you didn’t do the one thing you were meant to do?”

Dream stands idly, letting Sapnap jostle him as much as he likes. It’s the least he can do when he doesn’t have a proper answer.

“Didn’t you say you hate this guy? What else could you have possibly spent that much time talking about then?”

Dream stares at the dimly lit screen of his phone.



Social media is a burden. Having to constantly keep your friends and family up to date while not allocating too much time lest the binds of addiction catch you—it's simply too much for too little. What's a few likes and comments after a few years?

Dream knows his way around the platforms. Sure, he might not be the trendiest guy or the most well versed in internet slang, but he's hot and that solves most of his problems. Popularity comes easy to those with favorable features, as wrong as it sounds. Society is a sin in and of itself.

That being said, as someone having a little over thirteen thousand followers with basically no name to his face, it shouldn't shock Dream that George has breached one *one million*. As the son of a multimillionaire CEO and a multimillionaire actress, of *course* fame follows George no matter where he goes.

Still, Dream finds himself frowning as he clicks the “view all 264,077 comments” on George's most recent post.

So many unknown faces spamming comments that reek of desperation. Dream wonders if this is why George is always on his high horse. All these people who would go to such lengths for him without even knowing him. Dream grits his teeth. The more he reads, the more his insides churn. Would everyone still love George if they knew what he was truly like? A stuck up brat that never knows when to stop running his mouth? Probably.

A pretty, rich, unattainable omega is worth more than the rarest jewel to most betas and alphas alike.

Dream sighs and swipes up to the top of George's profile again. Something catches his eye.

His thumb hovers over where the follow button normally resides. He's expecting to spend the next hour contemplating if he really has to follow George just for that extra bit of persuasiveness when he messages him about the party.

Instead the words “follow back” greet him and Dream's mind draws a blank.

It shouldn't be that much of a surprise that George is following him. Dream's profile is public, his face is in some of his pictures, Sapnap and others have tagged him multiple times. He gets dozens of new followers a day and half the time, he doesn't bother to check who they are. It's not unlikely for George to have found him and been in one of the many bundles of notifications.

So why does Dream feel more nervous about pressing the button now?

Something about George following him first, something about Dream being seen first—something about that is flustering, but Dream doesn't want to think too much about it. He also doesn't want this weird sensation in his chest to linger.

Mouth dry, Dream bites the bullet and follows George. A second later, he opens up their empty chat box, and he's immediately met with another wave of nausea.

What does he even say? Does he send a casual 'hi' to get the conversation going? But what if George doesn't respond immediately? Dream needs an answer *now*. Should he just jump the gun then? Should he directly ask if he and Sapnap are allowed to attend the party or not?

In the midst of racking his brain for a proper initiator, something on his screen flickers.

***george :]***

*oh? finally decided to follow back?*

A breath of air that Dream didn't know he was holding in slowly leaves him. His shoulders drop with a false sense of security and right when Dream is about to thank the lord for sparing him from sending the first message, a colder realization washes over him.

***george :]***

*seen already?*

*aw dreamie*

*were you nervous about sliding into my dms? ;)*

*or were you just excited i sent something?*

Dream sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. The few minutes he'd spent on debating whether or not to send a message were enough to cost him. When it comes to George, Dream can never afford to hesitate; not even for a second.

***george :]***

*no reply? you're still reading these though?*

*well.. can't say i'm surprised*

*you always get so flustered around me*

A deep frown settles on Dream's forehead.

***dream c.***

*sorry. left my phone open.*

The lie is obvious. Dream knows George can see right through it, but it's not meant to beguile—just jab.

***george :]***

*i see*

*left your phone open while in my dms?*

***dream c.***

*yeah. i wanted to ask you something, but i got distracted.*

*someone caught my eye.*

***george :]***

*hm*

*for someone who wants something from me, you're not doing a great job of persuading me*

*i'd drop the unnecessary talk*

Dream rolls his tongue past his lips. Bingo. He knows how to get on George's nerves too. Take the spotlight away from him and he sours like a spoiled child in need of attention.

Dream should stop now. He should stop while he's ahead. He got George to drop the banter first and even pushed him in favor of hearing Dream's request. But Dream tastes curiosity on his cupid's bow and of course he has to satiate it.

***dream c.***

*did something i say bother you?*

*sorry, that wasn't my intention.*

*didn't know you cared so much about where my eyes lingered.*

***george :]***

*you think you're funny dreamie?*

*that's cute*

*i could care less about whatever omega you're drooling over*

***dream c.***

*you seemed to care earlier when you said you'd hate having another omega taste me before you.*

*what would your boyfriend think if he knew you said that?*

***george :]***

*fuck you*

*do you really think i'm gonna let you come to my party if you talk to me like this?*

It's a warning. Dream knows that if he pushes an inch more, he's going to cross a line that might diminish any and all hope of him ever repaying Sapnap with this 'crucial' favor. But when the game is this addictive, how can Dream *not* play?

***dream c.***

*though i bet you wouldn't care what he thought.*

*new week, new boy.*

*wanna know why you can never keep one, george?*

*wanna know why you get bored so easily?*

***george :]***

*go on*

*tell me then*

*if you think you're so smart*

***dream c.***

*it's because they'll never be me.*

Dream holds his breath. George has seen the message, but the typing bubble doesn't immediately appear this time. Dream waits for a minute, two, but nothing comes and so he exits the app and turns off his phone.

The severity of his actions only dawns on him later when he's opening up discord on his laptop and the bubble by Sapnap's icon lights a lime green.

*Crap*, he thinks, chewing on his bottom lip. He totally blew the one thing Sapnap asked him for. Again.

***pandas 4:03pm***

*did you talk to him yet*

***dream 4:03pm***

*uhh yeah sorta*

***pandas 4:03pm***

*??*

*sorta??*

*did you get us in or not dude*

***dream 4:04pm***

*i'll get us in i promise*

*just give me one more day*

***pandas 4:04pm***

*tomorrow is friday*

*the party is on saturday*

*u better work quick brother >:(*

Dream sighs softly, a small smile appearing on his face at Sapnap's last message. At the end of the day, despite having arguments here and there due to their instincts, they're still best friends. That's the only reason they have enough patience to tolerate one another's mistakes.

Being an alpha is often about having things done your way and proving your strength and worth. However, there's a line between an alpha's nature and a human's nature. Alphas earn their glory and respect while humans slither their way to the throne using evil deeds.

Humans are enticed by greed rather than honor.

Dream knows how he sounds. Splitting the two species apart when they live codependent in one host. He's both an alpha and a human. He yearns for honor and yet struggles with greed. It's something they all go through. Omegas, betas—they also have their own tendencies and their own fights.

The only thing that they all share is the battle between their two natures and the fear of succumbing to either or. Because being a human is a gift as much as it is a curse and being an alpha, beta, or omega is a curse as much as it is a gift.

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It's too quiet for a Friday.

Dream feels more on edge than usual by how abnormally *normal* his day has been. All his classes have passed by with little to no hindrances from the brunette that chews strawberry bubblegum and that makes everything all the more suspicious.

George *loves* bothering Dream on Fridays. Something about ending the weeks on a bang. Today isn't just any Friday either. It's the end of a month; it's Halloween.

Dream doesn't like to dress up for Halloween. It's too much of a hassle to prepare for. Sleeping for as long as possible without being late for school sounds much more appealing to him. (He would even consider skipping half the day if it wouldn't earn him a shit load of library duty.)

Barely anyone at his school shares his sentiments.

The halls are filled with decorations and students dressed in ridiculous costumes. Even some of the teachers have gone the extra mile and joined in on the chaos by putting on a silly tie or distributing candy. Dream thinks this is all incredibly stupid, but he takes a lollipop out of each basket anyway.

His last class is the only one he shares with George.

So when Dream walks into English class and greets his professor with a practiced smile, his eyes immediately scan the room for any pranks George has prepared for him.

Nothing.

George walks in a minute late and Dream nearly chokes on his spit when he sees him. He tries not to stare but George has always been the best at wriggling his way into the spotlight and ordering it to stay fixed on him.

A white collared shirt that hides underneath a blue sweater vest and is tucked neatly into a tennis skirt, leading down to his knee-high socks and platform sneakers. George giggles quietly, playing the role of an angel while being its hellish counterpart in disguise, and talks his way out of a

penalty.

When he turns to walk to his seat, Dream stops staring at the puff of a bunny tail pinned to the back of his skirt. Instead, his eyes move to the clip-on ears bouncing on top of his head and then slowly down to the alluring combination of sharp eyeliner and glossy lips.

“Kindly stop undressing me with your eyes.”

That’s all George says to him.

So, in reality, Dream has every right to feel worried about what the near future holds for him. There’s no way that George isn’t devising a brutal plan to get back at him. There’s also no way that Dream can face George later to ask him about the party.

Not when George is dressed like the boys in Dream’s magazines.

Maybe this was George’s way of getting back at him. Because Dream couldn’t have imagined the fact that George was hiking his skirt up higher and higher during the entirety of the period. He doesn’t mean to stare, but he barely ever pays attention to their teacher’s presentation and because of that his mind wanders.

And when his mind wanders, so do his eyes. At least most of them.

With George sitting next to him, reeking of sugar coated strawberries but looking like a famished alpha’s supper, Dream can’t help but stare. He’s a man with only so much self control and as much as he despises George, a pretty boy is still a pretty boy at the end of the day. No matter how rotten on the inside.

He knows it’s pathetic to think that George has dressed up for him and that he sounds like a man with no capability to think outside the needs of his dick, but he also knows George. George is insanely good at manipulating the male gaze to give him what he wants.

However, while Dream *may* fall victim to his cunning, he’s more alert than other alphas would be at the sight of a tempting omega. He has his hatred for George to thank for that.



“Really?” Dream asks, closing his locker and raising an unimpressed brow at his best friend.  
“*That’s* your costume?”

“Beats yours,” Sapnap snorts, nudging Dream in the side. “You’re dressed the same as last year—and the year before that and the year before that.”

Dream rolls his eyes, very much aware that Sapnap is still in disbelief that Dream has chosen not to dress up again despite it being the last Halloween they might share for a while.

“A werewolf,” Dream says plainly, flicking the faux ears on Sapnap’s head. “You do realize that’s what you basically are the other 364 days in the year.”

Sapnap scowls at him and then reaches for something in his back pocket. Dream watches him pull out a badge of some sort and then blinks slowly as Sapnap attaches it to his shirt.

“There. At least now you look like an undercover cop or something,” Sapnap grins, patting Dream on the shoulder. “I prepared this just in case.”

Dream snorts at Sapnap’s dedication towards a holiday meant for children but nevertheless, he lets the badge rest pinned to shirt.

“Hey, blondie!”

It’s a bland shout, regardless of the rage that makes it loud. There’s hundreds of blondes in the school. The only reason Dream figures out that the nickname is meant to be for him is because Sapnap’s eyes widen. He turns around slowly, far too lethargic to deal with a confrontation at the moment, but what he’s met with isn’t pointless yelling like usual.

It’s a fist to the face.

Dream narrowly dodges it and instead of hearing bone splinter in the middle of his face, he feels a stinging pain in his jaw. Too dazed by shock to fight back, Dream braces himself for another punch, but gets reeled away before he can experience it.

“What the fuck?” Sapnap asks, shoving away Dream’s attacker. “Fuck’s wrong with you, man?”

Before Dream can get a chance to hear an answer or even defend himself, the scene ends. There’s no crowd circling them and egging them on to fight, there’s no teacher tearing them apart from one another. It’s over in less than a second. Dream barely manages to lift his head in time to see who lunged at him.

When he does, the surprise ebbs away into anger.

It’s the same boy from yesterday. The one sizing Dream up when he was talking to George.

George’s plaything for this week.

With his discovery comes that unmistakable scent that Dream can’t stand and when he looks over Sapnap’s head to pinpoint where it’s coming from, he sees him.

He sees George perched in the corner of the hallway, arms folded over his chest and a satisfactory grin on his face. Before he has a chance to slip away and before Sapnap can convince Dream that it’s a bad idea, Dream already finds himself shoving through the crowd of blurred faces.

George sees him, but instead of leaving, he waits. His amusement grows and Dream can smell the sense of pride oozing out of him. The brunette bends his arms at the elbows in mock surrender, offering Dream his wrists.

“Take me away, officer,” George taunts.

Dream scans the vicinity briefly and notices that everybody is already staring at them. In other words, he can’t make much of a scene, because that’s exactly what George wants. For him to make a fool of himself.

So, instead, he turns the tables.

He reaches a hand up to George’s soft brunette curls and then yanks it down, forcing George’s head up at an uncomfortable angle. There’s a soft flush on George’s cheeks from being caught off

guard, but he adapts to the scene quickly by tiptoeing and hiding his face in the crook of Dream's neck.

"What did you do?" Dream whispers through gritted teeth.

"Nothing," George replies, just as quiet, but Dream can hear his deceiving smile. "I just told him—and everyone else that's been waiting for me—the truth."

"What?" Dream asks, eyebrows threading in confusion.

"The truth," George repeats. "That they're not *you*."

Dream pulls away from George abruptly to look around them once again. This time, his eyes are keener and he can spot up to four lingering pairs of eyes that are hungry for revenge or green with envy.

"Did something I say bother you?" George asks, making a mockery of Dream's texts. "Sorry, that wasn't my intention."

The rage inside of Dream is no longer measurable. It claws at the top of the meter, scratching the surface, before bursting through it. It needs to either be heard or be controlled and Dream has grown tired of doing the latter.

He twists his hand in George's hair and then ushers him down the hallway. Thankfully, the first door they reach leads to a vacant room and so he shoves the smug omega inside, follows in shortly, and locks the door behind them.

"God, I fucking hate you," Dream seethes and his hands ball up into fists that tremble with the urge to punch something. Preferably George's face.

He wants to wipe away that arrogant little smirk and maybe even draw some blood. Watch as crimson taints the baby blue of George's sweater vest. Have the brat whine about how expensive his clothes are, but be too afraid to speak with real malice. Make him regret pushing Dream past that thin line they always dance on whenever they argue like this.

George's gaze travels south, leading him to discover Dream's struggle for self-restraint. He scoffs, rolls his eyes, and takes a few steps forward until their glares meet at a new angle. With their noses nearly touching and George's breath fanning over his lips, Dream can only stand still and watch keenly as George raises an eyebrow to an unsaid challenge.

"What is it, Dreamie?" George sneers, reaching down to cover Dream's hands with his own. His fingers dig in, prying Dream's fists open, and then guide the large palms up his lithe torso before stopping at the base of his neck. "Wanna hit me?"

The leverage he's giving Dream is meant to be a taunt. He's indirectly saying that even with this much of an advantage, Dream still won't be able to take him. The thought makes Dream want to laugh. Not only is Dream bigger in every way, he's also stronger and fueled by a *lot* of anger.

What could George possibly do if Dream decided to lock his fingers around the omega's pretty little throat right now?

"Oh, sweetheart," Dream clenches his jaw and rolls his tongue past his lips. "You have no fucking idea."

George grins in amusement and Dream can tell that he has another trick up his sleeve. The thought makes Dream falter, but he grazes his fingers over the column of George's neck anyway. It doesn't elicit the reaction he's expecting. Instead of backtracking, George just tilts his head and invites Dream to explore further.

"Go on then. Hit me," George encourages, his arrogance having yet to diminish in the slightest. "Make it hurt."

He moves Dream's hands back down, letting them rest on the alluring curve of his hips, and then tiptoes to whisper into the unsuspecting blonde's ear.

*"Alpha."*

Dream groans quietly.

*Fuck it.*

He pushes forward, tired of letting George tug the leash when he's the one with the handle and George is the one with the collar. A knee slots comfortably between George's slim thighs and aids Dream's hands in pinning George against the wall.

"Always doing the most to get a fraction of my attention," Dream mutters, staring George down almost lethally. "You want me that badly, Georgie?"

Dream's hands fall from George's hips, one landing on the curve of George's ass and the other running down to grab George's thigh. He hikes that leg up around his waist and then pushes further into George granted his new leverage.

"Bet you'd love if I fucked you like this, huh?" Dream continues, rolling his hips up once against George's and snickering at the choked moan that evades the surprised omega. "Just like that, right baby?"

Arousal seeps out of George, his scent getting stronger and stronger by the second. Dream finds it laughable, but holds his condescending chortle in lieu of speaking.

"You think I didn't see you eye-fucking me last period? Acting like a desperate little whore in that pretty skirt of yours," Dream teases, the hand on George's thigh reaching up to brush against the hem of George's skirt. "You wouldn't have cared if I took you right then and there."

George shakes his head, lowering his gaze, "That's not true."

With one hand fisting Dream's shirt and the other covering half of his face from Dream's sight, George would've been very convincing of not having any sinful intentions.. *if* he wasn't subtly bucking his hips against Dream's.

"Oh? I think it is, doll," Dream replies, securing George in place with his lower body. "In fact, I bet that's what you wanted."

He moves a hand to the blinds next to them and with his fingers, he separates two folds, peeking at the students cluelessly walking past the occupied room.

George darts in a breath and Dream can feel his pulse spike when he presses his lips against the side of the omega's neck, right above the gland that's swelling in need of a bite. A sliver of fear mixes into the pool of arousal and Dream uses that to his advantage. He pushes the folds further apart, now noticeable to anyone who lets their eyes wander, and then satiates George's hunger with another shallow thrust.

"Should we let them watch?" Dream whispers against George's skin, a devilish smirk appearing on his face. Having the upper hand like this is a lot more addictive than he could've ever imagined. "I bet everyone would love to see how much of a slut you are for me."

With that, Dream buries his teeth into George's skin, tongue peeking past sharp canines to soothe the blossoming bruise. Above him, George emits a hiccuped moan. He's too prideful to succumb just yet, but Dream is determined to make him drown.

*Wider*, Dream thinks, hands moving to find the handle that controls the blinds. *Wider, higher, let everyone see*. He's just about to go through with his rash thoughts when George stops him.

"Don't," George hisses.

He's weak, even weaker than usual now that his mind is clouded with lust, but Dream spares him the embarrassment and pulls his hand away. Instead, he reintroduces it to George's lower back and either George is too tiny or Dream's hands are too large, but it's alarming how Dream can almost encircle the entirety of George's waist.

Dream glances down, marveling at the sight, and when he looks up at George, he finds him staring as well. Dream's stomach burns dangerously as his mind dives into unholy waters. His hips move with a goal of their own, gyrating roughly against George's, and the muffled noises he elicits out of the smaller man only serve to make things harder for Dream.

Dream's instincts are on the verge of taking over. There's only so much he can do when an omega is lewdly whimpering into his ear, begging for him to do something, *anything*. Restraint and control is something Dream has spent years perfecting. It's the reason he's never done anything to get himself in trouble, despite being naturally hotheaded and power hungry.

Yet here he is, unraveling at the sweet sounds of the person he swears to hate the most.

Dream flattens his tongue against the underside of George's jaw before licking and nipping his

way up to his tempting lips. They shine with a sloppy mixture of spit and gloss, inviting Dream to smear them with his own.

“Kiss me,” George whispers, hands scrambling to cup Dream’s jaw. “Kiss me *now*.”

Dream laughs softly, giving George a light squeeze that draws a rewarding whimper, and then moves a hand up to flick one of George’s faux ears. “Not so fast, bunny. You’re not in a position to give me any orders.”

Strategically, this kind of leverage can grant Dream a plethora of things. Money, fame, power, anything at the palm of his hands to replace where George lies.

But none of those things have ever sounded appealing to Dream before and this time is no exception. Instead, he has another request. A simpler request.

“I’ll kiss you if you let us come to your party tomorrow,” Dream offers, kneading his fingers into the inviting supple flesh.

It’s easy. All George has to do is agree and Dream will uphold his end of the deal, then they can leave and pretend that this never happened. No reminders (except for the accidental constellation of hickeys on George’s neck).

George rolls his eyes at the proposition, tugging Dream in close again, “Depends on how good you kiss me.”

Carefully, Dream lowers George back onto the ground, causing the shorter man to let out a whine of dismay. Dream shakes his head, leaving one hand on George’s hip while the other cradles the side of George’s face.

“Relax,” Dream mumbles, pressing their foreheads together. “I’m giving you what you want. Close your eyes for me.”

George stares silently, the flame of arrogance in his eyes flickering dangerously before dying. As much as he hates being told what to do, he listens for once and Dream is thankful. The quicker they get this over with, the quicker he can leave. There are greater problems he needs to deal with. Problems that have.. *arisen* because of this.

George flutters his eyes shut, a frown creasing his forehead with temporary wrinkles. He's welcoming, but also impatient, and Dream doesn't intend to keep him waiting.

"At least try to look happy," Dream mutters, brushing his nose over George's. "What happened to the eagerness from before?"

"I swear to God, if you don't kiss me right now—"

The words die persistently pushing past George's lips when Dream surges down to meet them. Quiet engulfs them for a second while George deals with the initial shock and then soft noises slip through the cracks. The sound of lips touching, fabric bunching, hands moving.

At first things are gentle. It feels like a scene stolen from a movie: two lovers finding passion while locked away from peering eyes. Unfortunately, that grows uncomfortable. Dream's not used to something this soft when it comes to George and he's certain George doesn't either.

It's his fault for being so timid. He should've kept the same seductive ferocity from earlier.

But with George's cheeks tainted a shy pink and his eyes laying shut with so much trust and obedience, Dream had faltered. His confidence abandoned him with trembling fingers and a beating heart.

Dream hates that he's never felt like this before.

So, he jumps back into something more familiar. He presses in harder, hands searching for areas he can stamp bruises into, and changes the pace entirely. It comes across as another shock to George, but only because it's so sudden. He falls into step quickly.

When they pull away, Dream expects them to be done there, but neither of them seem to want that. Dream grunts with a desire that grows harder to suppress and George moans wantonly, begging Dream to give the 'control' ordeal a rest.

So, they recollide.



And oddly enough, it feels like they're burning brighter.

A blue straggler that lights up their dim universe as opposed to a massive black hole.

Dream doesn't know what to make of it.

"Remind me why we're here again?" Sapnap groans, playing with a toy car perched on a nearby shelf.

They're at the closest convenience store, per Dream's request. Sapnap had mentioned having to study for a test he has the upcoming Monday, but Dream had begged for his company and so here they were. With Dream owing Sapnap yet another favor after having just fulfilled his last one.

"Gift shopping," Dream answers vaguely.

It's George's birthday tomorrow. Dream should've realized sooner that not even someone as pretentious as George would throw a party simply because he earned some title in his highschool career. He just doesn't know why George won't call it what it is: a birthday party.

Technically, he shouldn't even care and he's not sure why he does. Something along the lines of this being their last year together and Dream not having the energy to deal with this feud any longer. Or at least that's what he told himself when he made up his mind to hunt down a pack of strawberry gum.

"And what exactly are we looking for?" Sapnap asks, holding out a cheap card in front of Dream's face. "Because I say we grab this and go."

Dream rolls his eyes and pushes Sapnap's arm out of his face. "I said you could wait in the car if you wanted to."

“That’s boring,” Sapnap scoffs, putting the card back where it belongs. “I could’ve done that at home. With my textbook.”

“Stop pretending like you actually care about that test,” Dream argues sourly, giving Sapnap a light shove on the arm. “Just say you wanna play Valorant with Punz.”

Caught red-handed and lacking an actual comeback, Sapnap concedes by flipping Dream off and disappearing into the aisle full of collectible cards. Dream chuckles to himself and continues moving down, having yet to pinpoint where the candy section is. That is until he spots a worker pushing a cart full of different flavored kit-kats.

Sure enough, he finds what he’s looking for in a few seconds, but as soon as he has it in his hands, he doesn’t feel as relieved as he should. It’s less than five dollars and feels more like a mocking gift than a *gift* gift. Honestly, Dream is better off not buying George anything.

However, he’s already come this far *and* he dragged Sapnap outside for this so he should just stick to the plan. Maybe if he makes an extra effort in wrapping it up, George will see the sincerity. He shouldn’t care about this stuff. Whether George likes his gift or not shouldn’t matter. So long as Dream can say he got him something and segway into an unsaid truce, why bother with the minor details?

A truce is a means to an end, but that end isn’t for their hatred. Just because Dream wants George out of his hair doesn’t mean he’ll stop hating him.

No, he doesn’t think he could ever stop hating him.

“Did you get it?” Sapnap asks after jogging up to him with two packs of pokemon cards in his hand.

Dream nods once and the two of them head to the counter. Sapnap takes more than a few less-than-subtle peeks at the packet in Dream’s hands, but says nothing of it. He doesn’t need to ask a question he already knows the answer to.

It might have been easier to not bring Sapnap along at all, but Dream had his reasons for bringing him. If George were to see them, Dream would make Sapnap take the fall to save his dignity. It’s highly unlikely, considering George has employees to take care of his errands and would probably

rather die than shop at a Target, but there's still that slim possibility and Dream is not taking that risk.

Logically, it shouldn't be that big of a deal if George sees him here considering he's getting the gift from Dream anyway, but Dream would like to save that headache for tomorrow. He's already had enough to deal with today.

Like knowing that he willingly *made out* with the enemy.

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Dream has never been interested in fashion. Being over six feet and having an attractive face gives him the advantage of looking good in anything that's thrown onto him. Therefore, when he realizes that he actually has to look *good* for the party, he also realizes that he is utterly fucked. He doesn't have the time to buy anything and Sapnap's clothes are far too small to fit on him.

He's never cared this much about his looks before so he's not sure why he's starting now, but he assumes it's because he doesn't want to dress poorly in front of a bunch of bratty rich kids. They might be able to smell his poverty, but at least he won't look the part.. *if* he finds something suitable to wear.

Sapnap is too busy perfecting his own appearance to help and so Dream is stuck staring at his closet with absolutely no idea on how to piece together an impressive outfit. He could just be a no-show at the party, but he's already gone through the extra effort of wrapping George's gift up so nicely that he can't just *not* go and let it all be for naught.

"Drista?" Dream calls out with a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose as he stands by his bedroom door. He can't believe he's doing this, but he's left with no other choice. "Can you help me with something real quick?"

He hears the soft taps of his sister skipping down the hallway before peeking into his room with curious eyes. The look on her face slowly dissolves into judgement and then disgust upon the sight of Dream's disheveled room. The aftermath of his indecisiveness is evident and while the room isn't messy, it could definitely be cleaner.

“Yikes, who died?” She jokes, jumping over a few stray pieces of clothing before perching herself on the edge of his bed.

“Shut up, you little demon,” Dream teases her by flicking her on the forehead gently. She pouts sourly at him, but says nothing of it, and so he continues. “I need help picking an outfit. I’m going to a party.”

“A *party*?” Drista laughs in disbelief, nudging Dream’s leg with her own. “Whose party? And *who* are you trying to impress?”

“George,” Dream answers the first question absentmindedly, more focused on the latter than he’d like to admit. Who *was* he trying to impress? The other rich kids? Or just one rich kid in particular?

“You’re trying to impress *George*?”

Apparently his prolonged silence didn’t only confuse him, but his gremlin of a sister too. He sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose, ready to clear up the misconception, but Drista doesn’t give him the chance.

“I fucking knew it! Mom owes me twenty.” She says, fistpumping the air eagerly.

“I’m not trying to impress- wait,” Dream makes a face, raising a finger at his sister. “You bet on this? *Mom* bet on this?”

A laugh escapes his sister as she pushes herself off the bed and invites herself to sift through his closet to find him something suitable to wear. Dream frowns, still wanting an explanation as to why his little sister and his *mother* would be betting on his relationship with his lifelong enemy, but Drista shows no signs of compliance. So, Dream drops it.

Something tells him he doesn’t want to hear the explanation anyway.

After a few more minutes of critical thinking and holding several hangers in front of Dream’s torso, his sister finalizes her choice on what top he should wear and the rest are easy to match after that. None of it is flashy, but that’s what makes it *Dream* and he’s thankful that his sister understands that.

Laid out on top of his bed is a black t-shirt and cargo pants, along with some accessories and rings that Dream forgot he had. Drista fetches him a pair of black boots as well and then reminds him that their dad's hair gel is in their parents' bathroom.

Getting ready takes less than ten minutes. Dream thanks the heavens that the pants come with big pockets because George's gift is tiny enough to fit in them without drawing suspicion. He would like to avoid his family and everyone else at the party finding out that he cares about George enough to get him a gift, no matter how little.

Because he *doesn't* care about George and because this is just a tactic. A strategy. Nothing more, nothing less.

Dream jogs down the stairs when he's done, grabs the spare keys off the hook and promises his parents that he won't get wasted. Drista chooses then to toss him the leather jacket he swore he lost two months ago.

"I stole it," she confesses with a shrug, popping another starburst into her mouth and then giving two thumbs up. "Looking great. Wouldn't kill you to smile a little though."

"Going for the edgy vibe," Dream playfully replies and Drista rolls her eyes before returning her attention to the movie playing on her laptop.

According to Sapnap's text, he should be ready too. It's a miracle considering the guy takes an hour to get dressed for any occasion, but ever since he's met Karl, more miracles *have* been happening. Dream has to find a way to thank Karl for that.

After hearing the familiar honk of Sapnap's jeep, Dream calls out to his family one last time to let them know they're leaving and opens the door. He's stopped by his mother right before he slips through.

"Home before midnight," she orders with a raised eyebrow and then reaches out to fix the collar of Dream's jacket.

Dream gives her half a smile and then nods once to reassure her, but the look of concern on her face remains. Behind Dream, Sapnap is shouting out his greetings from the car, but neither of them pay him any attention yet.

“I’m glad you’re hanging out with your friends, sweetheart,” his mom says, sliding her hand up to cup his cheek.

Dream leans into the warmth of her touch and they stay like that until she sends him off. Sapnap begins shouting empty promises of bringing Dream home before midnight and Dream laughs as his mother rolls her eyes. As he’s tugging open the car door, she lists her last set of reminders like usual.

“Don’t forget to lock the door after you come in!”

“I won’t!” Dream replies.

“Make sure Patches is inside first!”

“Got it!”

“Hope you meet a pretty girl tonight! Or a pretty boy!”

*“Mom!”*

Dream slams the door shut and buries his face in his hands, heating up quicker than a piece of paper lit on fire. Leave it to his mom to find the most embarrassing things to say and while he isn’t alone on top of that. Sapnap and almost half the neighborhood probably heard her.

His mother hides her laugh behind her hand and then brings it down to rest on Drista’s head now that she’s come out to witness the chaos.

“Yeah, bring home *George*,” Drista shouts, putting an elementary school type emphasis on the name.

Dream doesn’t hesitate in flipping her off which Drista responds to by sticking her tongue out. Both of them earn light scoldings from their mother, but that doesn’t stop them. They’re about to

continue bantering, but Sapnap revs up the engine and they realize that time's up.

"Love you, honey!" Dream's mother calls out.

Dream bites his tongue, "Love you too!"

Sapnap shifts the gear to drive and then snickers as they continue on their way. Dream punches him on the shoulder lightly to get him to shut up, but that only causes Sapnap's laugh to grow louder.

"Love you too," Sapnap mimics with obnoxious kissy noises.

Dream puts one hand on the steering wheel and jerks it to the side once to scare the wits out of Sapnap. Sapnap scowls at how his fun is cut short by his own yelp.

"Dick."

George's house is big. Bigger than you would expect a high school student's house to be especially since he lives alone. (Except for all the maids that work all around the clock, of course.)

Dream remembers George mentioning something about how his parents are constantly travelling for work and that being the reason as to why he can host so many parties. It was during one of their many arguments, Dream can't recall which one, but he's surprised to have even remembered the fact at all.

There are numerous faces that Dream can't recognize and he can feel their lingering stares as they pass by him. Dream can't really blame them. They give off completely opposite vibes and while Sapnap looks somewhat preppy, Dream sticks out like a sore thumb. He's still hot, there's no doubt about that, it's just that *his* hot and *their* hot are different.

If you've ever read or seen 'The Outsiders', this is a greaser stepping into a crowd of socs in a modern setting.

"You're seriously not drinking?" Sapnap asks as he takes a fancy glass off the plate that one of George's waiters is holding.

He makes a face of delight as he finishes the drink in one go and then places the empty glass back on the plate. Right before the waiter moves to the next guest, he takes another glass and Dream scoffs as Sapnap downs that one as well.

"One of us has to be able to drive later," Dream mumbles and Sapnap gasps dramatically upon hearing him say that.

"You're doing this for *me*?" Sapnap asks, placing his hand on his chest and faking a snuffle. "You *do* love me, Dream!"

"Yeah, all of this is literally for you," Dream replies and Sapnap doesn't hesitate in tossing his arms around him. "Get off me, you idiot. Your man's gonna get jealous."

"He's not my man," Sapnap pouts, placing his drink down on the next serving plate that comes within arm's reach. "He's my *omega*."

Dream fakes a gag, "Why'd you say it like *that*? You're weird."

Sapnap shrugs and then whips his head around quickly when he catches sight of something. Dream follows his gaze and sure enough, the boy that they had been talking about is walking into the room next door. He's also unaccompanied at the moment which is a bonus for Sapnap and means he needs to work quickly so in a blink of an eye, he's dashing out and leaving Dream alone.

"All is fair in love and war, Dream!"

Dream rolls his eyes, repeating the sentence to himself mockingly. Leave it to Sapnap to say random things he hears in class and pray that it works in his favor lest he seem even more idiotic. Dream will admit that it's fitting in this case; barely, but still fitting.



*All is fair in love and war.*

Dream doesn't know how much he agrees with that phrase in general. Even in those situations, certain things must feel unjust and an act of selfishness is still unfair, is it not? Dream hasn't had the pleasure or the displeasure of knowing what love has felt like before, but he knows war. With himself and with others. Nothing can exist free of consequences.

"Looks like he found him."

Dream sighs softly and turns around, met with pretty eyes and a deceptively innocent smile. He tries to keep his gaze at that level and not at where milky thighs peek past the hem of a tight minidress.

"Hi," Dream greets unenthusiastically. "George."

"Dream," George nods once, unabashedly checking Dream out and then taking a step too close for comfort. "You look like you need company."

Dream laughs at that, but the lopsided smile doesn't reach his eyes, "From you? No thanks."

People have begun to care less about their obvious staring. It's hard to pull your focus away from the attractive pair glaring each other down under the glimmer of the chandelier. Dream doesn't blame them for being curious, but it makes his blood boil the same. He does enjoy being the center of attention, but not when he has to share it with George.

"You seemed to like my company yesterday," George shrugs, running his fingers up Dream's arm and then giving his bicep a light squeeze. The leather of his jacket makes an irritating noise at the strain. "You should take this off. It gets pretty hot here."

Dream raises an eyebrow at George's bold request, but instead of satiating his need for an argument, he entertains him. The jacket peels off his arms slowly, skin rubbing against the leather in an unfriendly fashion, but soon enough Dream is able to shrug it loose.

He holds it in front of George tauntingly, "Here. Feel free to scent yourself with it."

The chatter is immediate. People are less than subtle about turning their heads to theorize on what will happen next. There are hints of envy in the eyes that Dream meets and while he wants to assert that he is in no way a threat to George's many admirers, he also wants to flash them a snarky grin. God knows how many alphas and even betas are thinking of making their move tonight.

Oddly enough though, Dream has yet to spot a present other than his own.

While he continues searching the room, the weight on his hand disappears. Locating the cause leads to seeing George don his leather jacket with a pleased smile curled onto his lips. More heads turn, but Dream can no longer spare them his attention. No, he's much more intrigued by how tiny George looks when he's engulfed by Dream's outerwear.

"Chocolate," George whiffs the sleeve gently and then scrunches up his nose in distaste. "Clashes, but I'll be generous and keep it on."

Dream suppresses the urge to roll his eyes. At this rate, his mother is right, his eyes are going to be stuck in the back of his head. It's not his fault though. Everyone would be the same as him if they had to deal with an idiotic best friend and a *George*, no matter the level of patience.

"Strawberry and chocolate don't clash," Dream argues, shoving his hands into his pockets. He leans back and straightens his posture, the added height making it easier to look at George without being too obvious. "Unless you're talking about that disgusting vanilla perfume you have on."

George ends up being the first to roll his eyes. Dream takes that as a small victory, but he doesn't have time to rejoice. George cranes his neck to the side, showing off what everyone in the room jumps at the chance to ogle at.

"My perfume smells amazing," George defends while reaching out to hook his fingers into Dream's belt loops. "Compliments my scent wonderfully."

Dream gets dragged closer and although he wants to yank George's hands away from him, the new intensity of George's scent sends his heart straight down to his stomach. Dream's hands fly to George's waist before he can even stop himself and his teeth sink into his lower lip to prevent him from biting something else.

Or rather, *someone* else.

George tiptoes, getting that extra inch closer to Dream and Dream feels his mind grow hazy. The effect that an omega has when it presents themselves to an alpha is beyond unfair. Dream has spent his entire life hating the scent of strawberries and yet now, he wants to drown himself in it.

The game that George is playing at is beyond dangerous. The sight of his unmarked gland doesn't only have an effect on Dream, but everyone that manages to lay their eyes on it. The fact that it's George's only amplifies the danger of the situation they're in and Dream thinks that George has really proved his stupidity now.

The only way for George to leave the scene safely is for Dream to escort him out. Unless everyone is on their best behavior which seems highly unlikely considering Dream can already spot one or two greedy alphas waiting for their chance to pounce.

Dream thinks that George is foolish for putting such a ridiculous amount of faith in him. The last thing Dream wants to do is fight off a bunch of suitors that think they're more worthy of George than him, especially since Dream didn't *want* George in the first place.

"Gonna let them steal me, Dream?" George asks with a small pout, batting his lashes in an attempt to look pitiful.

Dream scowls and leans in close, his grip on George's waist tightening to an almost painful amount of force. He hears the soft stutter in George's breath, but instead of giving the brunette what he wants—a temporary bite mark right above his gland—he takes a deep inhale.

"Vanilla's not as complimentary as you think."

Dream slips his dominant hand further around the small of George's back, long fingers stretching far enough to hook onto the hip on the other side. With one quick jerk, he turns them around and narrowly prevents sharp claws from scratching the back of George's neck. His free hand thrusts into the air, seizing the wrist of the attacker, and yanks him forward for everyone else to see.

"Honestly," Dream sighs, resting his cheek atop George's head. "This is a bit much, don't you think, Punz?"

The hood of the stranger falls to reveal blonde curls and unmistakable blue eyes. Dream returns the wolfish grin on Punz's face and then turns his own hand at the same time that Punz spins. Skillfully, Dream pins Punz' arm to his back, drawing small gasps from the crowd.

The appearance of a failed attack eats away the rest of the hunger lurking in the room.

“Looked like you needed help,” Punz mumbles, dipping his head down to meet George’s gaze when Dream frees them both. “Hi, Georgie.”

“I would’ve handled them just fine,” Dream replies as he fixes the rings on his fingers. “You just wanted a reason to show off.”

Punz laughs at how easily Dream reads him, though neither of them have said anything wrong. With Punz’ help, Dream no longer has to deal with needy alphas, but had the situation called for it, he would’ve fought.

Not because he cares about George, but because he doesn’t want blame to follow him after whatever happens to the lone omega. And because he wouldn’t let such vile things slide no matter who was on the receiving end. Those facts must not be mistaken.

Punz salutes them with two fingers and then makes his way back to the dining table, probably in search of another drink. Dream watches him walk away, tearing his gaze from the disappearing silhouette after he feels a slight tug on his shirt.

“Thanks.”

Dream glances down at George, taking in how his lips are pressed into a tight line and how his cheeks have become noticeably rosier. Dream finds humor in the sight, having to compose himself before a very obnoxious laugh leaves him. George seems to notice the kick he’s getting out of it because he turns away with a frown.

“Drop the act,” Dream says, reaching out to twirl a lock of George’s fringe around his finger. “You knew what you were getting yourself into.”

George makes a face of defeat, dropping his innocent facade, and then moves his hand down to grab Dream’s abruptly. They make their way through the crowd with less attention being drawn towards them now that George has his pheromones in control. Dream wants to know where it is that George is taking him, but he figures by the look on George’s face that it’s somewhere quiet.

He could use a little quiet after all of that, so he follows.

*Besides, Dream thinks as his eyes fall to the outline of the gift that rests in one of his many pockets. It's best not to give the gift in public.*

The walk is long, putting into perspective just how big George's mansion really is. Dream thinks it's a waste of space when he sees how many rooms are decorated but unoccupied. It's doubtful that George would ever host this many guests at once. Then again, the rich are free to do whatever they want with their money, no matter how ridiculous. If George's personality had half the glamor this house did, Dream thinks he would be a lot more bearable. In fact, Dream might have even considered befriending him.

They come to a halt in front of two big doors with handles that shine brighter than the accessory slung around Dream's neck. Dream smiles to himself; the more he sees, the more he can ridicule George in his head. Money spent on something as forgettable as door handles. If Dream could laugh without facing an interrogation, he would.

George pushes the doors open and the overwhelming amount of blue gives away the room's purpose. Dream's eyes travel from the framed portraits to the gold embroidered furniture to the plushies on the queen canopy bed. The walk-in closet is visible and if Dream squints, he can see designer bags stored in clear cases. Behind the closet door are two hooks, a complete outfit hung on each. Everything is in top shape and neatly placed where they belong, but there are hints of sacrifice in efficiency for luxury.

In other words, there's no doubt that this is George's bedroom.

George has yet to let go of Dream's hand, but Dream lets him do as he pleases, so long as it keeps George satisfied and saves Dream from another headache. Unfortunately that serenity is short-lived and as soon as George lets go of Dream's palm, the conversation starts.

"You could've let me get hit," George says, tilting his head up curiously to inspect Dream's facial expressions.

Had Dream not stopped Punz, the beta probably would've stopped himself. George is well aware of that, so Dream rationalizes that his statement isn't specific to the scene that unfolded. It's an unsaid question about whether Dream would've protected George regardless of the circumstances.

“I could’ve,” Dream replies with a shrug.

George’s face twists, obviously upset that Dream is meeting his indirect question with an indirect answer, and Dream raises an eyebrow, daring George to regain that boldness from earlier. The look in George’s eyes tells Dream that he’s far from submitting just yet and realizing that this is going to take quite the effort, Dream tiredly leans against the doors behind him.

“You kissed me.”

Dream snaps his head up at that, a soft chuckle emitting from him. So *that’s* what this show is about. He never took George as the type to seek closure after such a meaningless kiss, given that George cycles through more boyfriends in a month than most people do in a lifetime. Nonetheless, he supposed he’s obliged to answer, no matter how obvious his response should be.

“You asked me to,” Dream says, interest piqued by the irritated scrunch of George’s eyebrows. “And I only agreed in exchange for something.”

George scoffs, folding his arms over his chest. His fists are barely visible behind the long sleeves of Dream’s leather jacket, making him look a lot less threatening and a lot more kittenlike. Dream stifles a snort at how George’s appearance finally matches his immaturity.

“So you would’ve let someone else attack me,” George concludes, jumping back into their initial conversation.

Dream fails to see the points George has connected, “No, I would’ve protected you, but don’t mistake my morals for feelings.”

There’s plenty that’s wrong with desperate people forcefully pouncing onto omegas. It’s strictly against the law, regardless of the omega being marked or not, but still, people try to find loopholes whenever they can. A presenting omega is ‘fair game’ to rotten alphas and betas because of the easy alibi: “I didn’t know who they were presenting to.” Dream has read, seen, and heard many stories of such cases. He doesn’t understand why there hasn’t been a divine intervention to rid the world of such filthy people.

“Right,” George says and it sounds like the final word.

Relief usually finds Dream and whenever these conversations end, but right now, he can find none to welcome with open arms. Dream stands just as alone as he had a second ago while they were conversing; perhaps even more alone, if he allows himself to acknowledge his new distaste for silence.

*Futile*, Dream thinks as he reaches into his pocket. George pretends not to be interested in his actions, but Dream catches the quick side glance.

This realm of isolation is something Dream has spent years perfecting. A hidden room in his head that he lives in everyday, despite letting his family and his friends occasionally knock on the door.

*There's no reason to hate your own masterpiece.*

"Here," Dream mumbles under his breath, shoving the tiny box at George. The unimpressive size is a little more flattering in George's tiny hands. "It's not much, but yeah."

A coy smile appears on George's face and Dream easily regrets everything. How foolish could he possibly be to spend his hard earned money on the son of a multi-millionaire? Someone he supposedly hates and could care less about.

"For *me*?" George asks, dramatically splaying one hand over his chest. "Wow, Dreamie, and here I thought you were going to give me a lecture on how utterly *conceited* I am for throwing a party over becoming valedictorian."

George places down the box on his bedside, silently promising to open it later. Dream wasn't expecting to see his reaction anyway; in fact, he didn't *want* to see his reaction. It would be humiliating. While spending a few dollars did dent Dream's wallet a bit, the amount was less than nothing to George. It might even be considered an insult instead of a gift had it come from anyone else.

"The gift isn't for that," Dream says with a frown. George's face scrunches in confusion and Dream coughs awkwardly. "It's for your birthday."

A deafening silence blankets the pair standing idly in the embrace of the moonlight. The stare that they share is unreadable, even to them. They've never been like this around each other before, so their expressions are foreign. One of them feels something akin to humiliation while the other relates to something more flattering, but at their foundations lurks a similar heat.

“You know it’s my birthday?” George asks quietly, tilting his head to the side.

Dream looks at George as if the brunet has grown three heads, “Of course I know that, idiot.”

Another minute of silence goes by, but this time it’s different. George’s gaze drifts to the present resting on his table while Dream tries to appear fascinated by the interior design of the room.

Normally, Dream would rejoice at George’s quiet demeanor because it spares him from irritation, but right now, that’s the opposite of what he wants. He wants George to talk and make weird noises like he always does; anything to chase away the awkward aura that thickens with each passing second.

However, Dream reckons the chances of that happening are dangerously low, judging by the way he can feel George’s distress hitting him in waves.

“I also know that’s the real reason you threw this party,” Dream says suddenly, trying to get some sort of a conversation going so that he can eventually leave without feeling like a complete asshole. No matter how justified his disappearance is given this uncomfortable tension.

“I just don’t know why you won’t tell everyone that.”

George stares at him for a second and as warm as the gaze is meant to be, Dream feels himself freeze. He swears that his heart slows to a stop and then restarts with full force.

He falters first.

“Long story,” George answers with a grimace and Dream senses a pinch of pain oozing out of him, but it fades as soon as it appears. “But thank you for the gift, Clay.”

Dream feels his stomach lurch when his real name falls from George’s cherry-tinted lips. Frighteningly enough, it’s not as gut-wrenching as it normally is. Hell, it might even be considered pleasant and Dream hates that.



(More accurately, he's *afraid* of that.)

"*Clay*," Dream mimics with a scoff, trying to fight away the blush threatening to creep up onto his cheeks. He's grateful that the room is dimly lit. "Thank you for the gift, *Clay*."

"I don't sound like that," George punches Dream's shoulder lightly.

Dream is about to argue that he does, that Dream's nasally impersonation is spot on, but George laughs before Dream can get a word in. To paint a more vivid picture, George covers his mouth with the back of his hand and he *laughs* like what Dream had done was endearing and not annoying. It's unusual and it makes Dream uncomfortable.

Because when George's soft laugh breaks into hiccuped giggles and his crescent-shaped eyes bring tears of laughter onto his long lashes, Dream's breath hitches.

"Whatever," Dream mutters, gesturing lazily at the door. "I'm leaving."

"Already?" George whines, slipping in between Dream and the door to prevent the blonde from leaving. "But I haven't even gotten to thank you *properly* yet."

Dream emits a confused hum, eyebrows scrunching expressively, but George doesn't supply an explanation. He doesn't need to. Dream feels the shift in the air shortly after George reaches behind himself to gently lock the door shut.

"Move," Dream says quietly, trying his hardest to keep that glare steady on his face.

Whatever fire that George had ignited inside of him is still small enough to put out. However, Dream has a feeling that it's easier said than done. If yesterday had taught him anything, it was that George knew just how to kindle a flame ready to consume anything and everything in its path. Dream can already feel it flicker hungrily, looking for something to set ablaze.

"Don't play so hard to get, Dreamie."

Dream should leave. He should push past George, unlock the door, and leave—not just the room,

but the entire building. He should be far, far away from here, here being wherever George is.

And yet he lets George walk him back. All the way until something hits the back of his knees and he falls, sitting awkwardly on the cushioned surface behind him.

“I’ve been thinking about this all day,” George sighs and Dream watches him shrug his jacket off his shoulders. It gets tossed onto the bed, right next to Dream. “And now I have an excuse to act on those thoughts.”

Dream has a grasp of what’s happening, but the shock still hits him when George drops to his knees. He barely recovers in time to watch George pop the button of his jeans free and use his ivory teeth to drag the zipper down.

This was far from what Dream had planned to achieve with that stupid gift and as against it as Dream wants to be, he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t picturing obscene things right now. With all of them involving George.

George’s slim fingers hook into the belt loops of Dream’s jeans, carefully dragging it down Dream’s long legs until they rest bunched below his knees. For a second, Dream actually *worries* that George might stop there because Dream hasn’t gotten hard yet. It’s not his fault and it’s not George’s fault either; things were just moving too quickly.

Dream’s not complaining, but it’s gonna take more than a dirty confession to—

George bends his head down, lips parting to sloppily mouth over Dream’s clothed crotch. Dream jolts forward, his hand instinctively flying to George’s head and curling into long brunet strands. The wet warmth of George’s mouth seeps through the material of Dream’s briefs and George knowingly curls his tongue around the outline of Dream’s hardening cock.

Once Dream is grunting from the teasing sensation brought by George’s messy kisses, George is quick to hook his fingers into the waistbands of Dream’s underwear and drag that down as well. It happens in such a hurry that Dream doesn’t have the time to feel shy.

“Fuck,” George whispers, shamelessly marveling at the sight of Dream’s dick. He wraps a hand around it carefully and Dream hisses at the touch. “You’re- you’re *big*.”

The whimper that leaves George after he says that does wonders to Dream's ego. That paired with how tiny George's hand looks, struggling to form a fist around Dream's cock, makes Dream feel heavy with arousal. He likes being bigger than George; he likes it a lot.

George rubs his thumb over the pink head and smears the bead of precum down the side of Dream's dick, following the apparent vein. Dream groans, his patience running thin and close to non-existent. He bears with a few more seconds of George delivering soft, teasing touches and then tugs roughly on George's hair.

George gets jerked closer, his lips hovering dangerously close to Dream's dick, but he still refuses to be obedient and give Dream what he wants. Instead, his tongue peeks past his lips just barely, dipping into the salty slit, and then disappears back into his mouth.

Dream frowns, his grip on George's hair only growing tighter, but George shows no sign of budging.

"George," Dream says curtly and George looks up at him, eyes wide with false purity. "Behave."

George presses his tongue against his inner cheek, contemplating his next words. Dream can see him struggle between his desire to push his luck and his instinctive reaction to bow his head and listen to the words of an alpha. George looks at him and Dream raises an eyebrow, silently challenging him to try whatever it is that he's thinking of doing, and George's head immediately falls.

His cheek pushes roughly against Dream's thigh and his lips part wide enough to mouth at the side of Dream's dick, reaching what his fingers can't. Dream rewards him by loosening the grip he has on his hair, but George pulls off and whines in protest.

Dream laughs in disbelief, tightening his hold again, and moves his free hand down to grip George's jaw.

"You like that, baby?" Dream asks with a soft, misleading—almost lulling—voice. "Then be a good boy for me and open your mouth."

The humiliation of being reduced to nothing but a toy for Dream to use is enough to cause George's face to blaze red. There's anger in the way that he digs his nails into Dream's thighs, but it's clear that lust triumphs over it. Dream smirks, tugging George forward and squeezing both

sides of his face harsh enough to force the omega's lips to part. George listens, allowing his mouth to fall open.

They both know that George is no longer able to deny Dream's orders.

Dream lands two gentle slaps onto George's cheek, sneering at how George narrows his eyes and keeps his mouth on display. He then moves that hand to his dick, running his thumb over the underside, before slowly guiding George closer.

George flinches when Dream purposely misses his lips and messily grinds against the side of his face. One eye squeezes shut while the other continues to watch Dream's slow but calculated movements.

Dream sighs softly, pulling George back a bit and then lightly tapping on his plump lower lip with his reddening tip. George stares up at him expectantly, embarrassment written all over his face despite his earlier claims, and Dream feels his chest swell with pride.

Even though George is doing his best to keep that glare on his face, there is no hesitation in the way he invites Dream to rest inside his mouth. Once he's halfway inside and heavy on George's tongue, the warmth that greets Dream is nearly enough for him to buck the rest of the way in. For George's sake, he waits and watches the brunet struggle to make himself more comfortable, pink lips already stretched to their limit around the width of Dream's cock.

They stay like that for a few passing seconds and then George muffles an impatient whimper around Dream's dick, sending vibrations that elicit a moan from the alpha above him.

Taking that as a sign to continue, Dream experimentally slides another inch in and when George makes no complaints, he continues his careful intrusion. His tip hits the back of George's throat and if he tilts his head back, he can see the slight bump indicating just how far he reaches.

Dream holds George there, enjoying the tight heat that's surrounding him, and he counts to eight before George frantically taps on his thigh. Strings of saliva keep them connected when he pulls the coughing omega off his dick and George grimaces at the sight, but parts his lips again after he's recovered.

Dream smiles mischievously, pushing George's fringe back so that he has a clear view of the frown embedded on his forehead.

“Pinch me if you want me to stop,” Dream whispers, waiting for George’s meek nod of confirmation to continue.

Whether it’s out of spite or hidden desire is unsure, but Dream finds appeal in the idea of teasing George until he’s at his limit.

He slides just his tip past George’s lips and pulls away when George tries to take more into his mouth. In again and then off again, just a few more times to see George’s frown harden. When George is fed up and about to press his lips shut in anger, Dream finally shoves all the way in.

He wants George to remember this. He wants George to remember the feeling of Dream fucking into his mouth. He wants George to remember how he was at Dream’s *mercy*.

George’s throat tightens and he gags when Dream suddenly sheaths himself inside of him, tears springing to his lower lash line. His hands fly down to Dream’s knees, pushing gently in an attempt to escape, but when Dream spares him, George swallows thickly and leans in again.

“I didn’t pinch you.”

Dream’s stomach coils at George’s words and the downright sinful look in his eyes. George’s lips reintroduce themselves to Dream’s swollen tip and apply gentle suction, his tongue joining in to flick at the underside. A shaky sigh leaves Dream and he thrusts in deeper when George hollows his cheeks.

George’s enthusiasm makes everything feel much more intense and to deal with the new sensations, Dream sets a brutal pace as he fucks into George’s pliant mouth. George’s jaw slackens and the corners of his lips begin to bruise from the force of Dream thrusts, already painfully stretched as far as they can go.

Dream still thinks George can take more.

He slides his thumb in next to his dick, smirking at the sight of George wincing as he tries to adjust to the size. George struggles at first, the corner of his lip catching on the gap between the two a few times, but he slowly gets the hang of it.

“You want more?” Dream asks, tugging at the corner of George’s mouth that his thumb is hooked onto. “Gonna let me stretch that little slutty mouth of yours?”

The bed creaks each time Dream rolls his hips up to meet George’s addictive cavern. He puts power into his punctuated thrusts and the tugs he delivers onto George’s hair, keeping George overwhelmed and drunk with lust.

George claws desperately at Dream’s legs, leaving red marks that’ll last for days. Even with tears rolling down his cheeks, he silently asks for more. His distinctive scent has grown stronger and Dream spies the way George shifts to seek fleeting friction. It’s clear that George is broken beyond thinking straight, the only thing on his mind being to please Dream.

“Shit,” Dream curses, his thrusts turning erratic as the pressure in the pit of his stomach builds. “I’m gonna—”

George pulls off, coughing twice as he tries to regulate his breathing and adjust to not having anything in his mouth temporarily. The view is absolutely stunning and Dream feels himself twitch with the urge to slam back into George’s mouth, leaving him breathless and gasping for air again.

“In- in my mouth,” George pleads, swallowing thickly. “Cum in my mouth, Dream.”

Dream clenches his jaw and grits his teeth, fist tight around his own cock. It’s incredibly hard to keep his composure when George’s mouth is hanging wide open, inviting Dream to use it to its fullest. He hesitates, unsure just how far his inner desires are going to push him; the last thing he wants to do is hurt George.

George confuses his hesitance for reluctance and in an effort to be more persuasive, he moves on his own. One kiss after the other is pressed up Dream’s inner thigh, slowly leading to where Dream craves George’s lips the most. Hot breath fans over his dick, a curious tongue lapping at the mess between Dream’s fingers.

“Alpha,” George mewls, lips forming a tiny pout that he then rubs against Dream’s tip. “Let me taste you.”

“Fuck, okay- okay, baby,” Dream mutters, carefully guiding himself into George’s mouth again to satiate both their hungers.

George's eyes fall shut briefly, face scrunching at the rough drag of the first thrust back inside. Dream lets him get used to the feeling again and when George is ready, he looks up at Dream through his pretty lashes, watchful eyes blown wide with arousal. A stuttered gasp leaves Dream as the muscles in his abdomen tighten, threatening to give away at the sight alone.

After regaining some control, Dream carefully threads both hands through George's hair and grabs a fistful of brunet locks to use as handles. Briefly, Dream's mind wanders to the sight of George knelt before him like this again, except with pigtails where Dream's hands reside. Maybe another time.

Dream drags him up, leaving George's bruised lips just barely wrapped around the upper half of his dick, and then jerks him back down. George's cry of surprise gets drowned out, but he doesn't choke messily like he did before. The fact that his throat is shaping itself to sleeve Dream's cock so nicely makes the blonde even more excited.

On and off, Dream drags George with desperation while drilling himself as deep inside as he can. Feeling George's throat tighten every now and then in a weak attempt to slow down his forceful invasion only makes his dick throb with a painful need to release.

Just as he feels himself near his climax, something between a cry and a whimper leaves George. Dream glances down, seeing the pretty boy underneath him tremble. His eyes are squeezed shut, milking out streaks of tears that mix with spit and cum on his chin.

There's a damp spot on George's dress that's far too spread out to be from the mess his mouth is making.

Dream shoves George down until he feels George's nose brush against his skin and then tosses his head back, cumming straight down the back of the omega's tight throat. George tries his best to stay still, letting Dream ride out his orgasm, but eventually he has to pull off for air.

Whatever he's failed to swallow dribbles past his lips and Dream stares in awe at how blissful George looks after being turned into such a mess.

George slowly snaps out of his haze and regains his confidence, slender fingers playing around his mouth in a way that he knows is alluring. Dream can't look away and even if he could, he wouldn't want to.

The pads of George's fingers collect the residue on his face and then disappear into his mouth. George moans softly at the taste and Dream has to fist the sheets underneath him to control himself.

"There," George says, slouching over in exhaustion. "Thank you."

Dream rolls his eyes in disbelief, carding his fingers softly through George's hair. The touch burns both of them, feeling more intimate than their blasphemous actions. George rests his cheek tiredly on Dream's thigh and closes his eyes, taking a quick break for the sake of his energy; Dream finds himself staring whilst George can't see.

"Can't believe you came untouched," he sneers, trying to steer away from the uncharacteristically gentle moment that they're sharing. "Just from having your mouth used like a whore."

A faint blush appears on George's cheeks, but he doesn't try to deny anything and Dream finds himself flustered by the lack of reaction.

"You liked it," George replies, voice hoarse.

Dream looks away, fighting back the heat creeping up his neck. His chest tightens and he tries to shake away the memories of George that are now permanently carved into his mind.

"Shut up."

Later that night, when Dream finds himself unable to sleep, he tries not to dwell on how he felt his heart stutter.

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Mondays are dreadful. Dream always finds himself reminded of that sci-fi film he once watched: 'What happened to Monday?' He thinks that if he were chosen to represent Monday out of all days, he would lose his head too.



Staying up all night listening to Sapnap go on and on about the date he went on yesterday was a poor decision on his part. Dream is beyond tired and Sapnap hasn't even bothered to show up. If tomorrow was an off day, this would be much more bearable, but it isn't. Dream finds it ridiculous that a country which prides itself in being democratic and holds the election to such high importance won't close the schools on election day.

With a sigh, Dream pulls out his chemistry textbook from his locker and then slams it shut.

"Hi."

Dream nearly has his wits scared out of him when he's greeted by two big eyes peering up at him. The pop of strawberry gum causes him to jerk up again, clutching his textbook to his chest for dear life.

"Hi," Dream replies with uncertainty. George is the last person he'd expect to greet him cheerfully on a Monday morning. "What do you want?"

He cuts to the chase because there's got to be a reason that George is already bothering him. He was sure that the gift would dial down George's thirst to annoy him, but if morning conversations are going to start being a thing, then maybe he's accidentally made things worse. Being nice to the enemy is never the solution it seems.

"What? I can't say hi?" George asks with a pout and unlike usual, it seems genuine.

"You've never bothered me just to say hi before," Dream replies, his usual blank expression returning to mask his confusion.

Dream turns around on his heels, expecting that to be the end of the conversation if George truly doesn't have an ulterior motive, and starts walking to his first class. However, he hears the soft taps of George's footsteps following closely behind him and he realizes that getting away is still going to be as difficult as ever.

"I'm not here to bother you," George huffs, tilting his head to the side as he glances up at Dream. "I just want to talk."

“Yeah and that’s bothering me,” Dream clarifies with no hesitation.

The walk to his first classroom is relatively short and for that, Dream is grateful. If he puts a little bit more distance between his steps, he can reach his destination in less than three minutes, so he does just that. George struggles to keep up, nearly tripping a few times, but he’s persistent. Thankfully, Dream loses him when they reach the stairs because he can skip steps without hindering his pace while George can’t.

He’s the first student to enter which is a miracle in itself. Dream tends to wait for the late bell to ring before walking into his classrooms so that he can soak up his freedom down to the last second. Even his chemistry teacher is surprised by his early appearance.

Dream sinks his head into his arms and refuses to budge until he hears the chair next to him squeak. It’s amusing to him that he’s almost as tall as his seat partner is whilst she’s standing and he’s sitting. Nonetheless, the smear of lipstick that doesn’t belong to her and the disheveled hair worn with pride is a stereotypical look for an alpha.

“Not like you to get here so quickly,” she teases, fixing her messy tie.

Dream lets his head drop into his arms again, “Shut up, Puffy.”

The unannounced visits don’t stop. Dream finds himself face to face with George multiple times throughout the day. What was once brief glares in the hallways turn into light conversations that Dream doesn’t have enough social battery to keep up with. His peculiar ability to smell George’s scent from considerably far away now feels like a gift rather than a curse because it gives him a head start in running.

Somehow, George always finds him.

“Sapnap wasn’t in class last period,” George says, dwindling by Dream as the taller boy surfs through the library shelves for a book required by their English teacher. “Did he not show up today?”

“No,” Dream replies curtly, not in the mood for a conversation.

His frustration from not finding the book is adding to his irritability and he’s this close to opening the window and launching himself out of it. George doesn’t seem to get the hint because he continues humming and skipping, following Dream through the library.

“You should sit with me and my friends during lunch then,” the clueless brunet offers.

Dream barks out a laugh at that, but George only blinks twice in response. “Holy shit, you were serious.”

“Yeah, why not,” George shrugs, leaning against one of the bookshelves purposely to catch Dream’s attention by putting a halt to his searching. “It’s okay to hang out with people that aren’t Sapnap, you know.”

What would normally be said with malice and disguised as a jeer now seems like a plain jab. Dream can’t feel the usual venom and for that reason, the toxicity is that much more lethal. The facade is almost believable and Dream is starting to find comfort where comfort should’ve never existed.

The thought of him not having friends outside of Sapnap is also laughable. Popularity doesn’t come without friendship. (Although, given that he’s around Sapnap the most, he can see why people may think that.)

“In case you haven’t noticed,” Dream says, placing his hands onto George’s hips before effortlessly lifting him up and setting him aside. “Your friends and I don’t get along.”

The book Dream is looking for isn’t in this section of the library either, which means that he’ll have to blemish his school record. The assignment had been simple: read a chapter and write a quote that resonates with him. Yet he had been busy all weekend and forgotten about it until now.

“Okay, then how about just you and me?”

Dream makes the mistake of turning his back on George. George wastes no time in seizing the opportunity, lanky arms winding comfortably around Dream’s waist from behind. Dream is about to shove George off of him when something catches his eye.

There, in George's left hand, is the book that he's been looking for.

Dream goes to snatch it, but George is quicker, withdrawing himself completely and hiding the book behind his back when Dream turns around to face him.

"Not so fast," George says with a raised eyebrow and Dream grimaces but stays put. "This is my copy so if you want to borrow it, you'll have to ask nicely."

Dream groans at George's request, eliciting a pleased giggle from the shorter man. The last thing he wants to do is beg George, but he doesn't have any other choice. He could just toss away the entire assignment, but that'll lower his grade and Dream's competitiveness also thrives in academic settings.

He supposes he should be thankful that George isn't asking for anything worse.

"And you're going to have lunch with me."

Dream makes a face, but George waves the book in front of him stubbornly. "Fine. Just nowhere crowded."

"Alright with me," George chirps happily, holding the book out. Dream reaches for it, but right before his fingertips can graze the cover, George swipes it right back. "I think you're forgetting something."

Dream wishes things would revert to how they were last Friday.

A flashback of George pinned against the wall, withering under his touch, reaches him. He's reminded of the taste on his tongue and the sin that taunted him through all his senses.

*Maybe not last Friday. Maybe last Thursday.*

"May I please borrow your book, George?"

If Dream's going to be honest, he didn't know he shared his free period and his lunch with George. He's seen him in the hallways, but he always assumed he was either heading to class or skipping it. He hadn't humored the possibility of George's schedule being similar to his because the less similarities between them, the better.

His free period at the library consisted of George mocking each line Dream chose as the one he wanted to elaborate on. Something about how the first one was too predictable, the second one was too ironic, and the third too controversial. It wasn't until the thirteenth choice that George had made a noise of agreement and Dream had nearly broken his pen with the strength of his grip. He doesn't know why he chose to listen to George's commentary, but then again, if he hadn't, George would've probably made a bigger fuss and resulted in them getting kicked out of the library.

Now, as much as Dream wants to enjoy his lunch with a few of his other friends (Puffy, Alyssa, Sam, to name a few), he's being dragged to god knows where by George.

"Are we allowed to be here?" Dream asks when they finally come to a halt right by the rooftop doors.

There's a big alarm right next to the exit sign and Dream is this close to ditching George, no matter how much he hates breaking promises. Who even eats at the *rooftop* of all places? Other than the characters in the anime shows that Sapnap forces him to watch.

"No," George replies, "But that's what makes it fun."

He pushes the door open and Dream braces himself for the loud sirens, but all that he's hit with is a gust of fresh air. George lets go of his hand and steps onto the rooftop, doing an obnoxious twirl to show Dream that there's nothing to be afraid of. Skeptical, Dream still takes another second to examine their surroundings and make sure nobody's coming after them.

"I can smell your anxiety, please stop," George says, pinching the bridge of his nose. "It's like a spoiled cup of coffee."

Dream rolls his eyes at the comparison and follows George out onto the rooftop. The two of them take a seat somewhere around the middle, far out enough to not be seen by the doorway and yet not *too* far in case people see them through the fences. Dream takes out his neatly wrapped burrito and begins eating away to fulfill his hunger. Next to him, George lays out his lunch box and then retrieves clean utensils to eat them with. Dream tries not to stare at the steak, fries, and mixed veggies too much. It must be nice to have a chef that will prepare something delicious for you to eat every day.

“Do you want some?” George offers after catching Dream’s umpteenth peek.

Dream remains quiet, chewing loudly on his burrito to make it seem like he hadn’t heard George. It’s embarrassing enough to be caught ogling, he’d rather not be pressed on it. George seems to get the hint, meeting Dream’s silence with his own, but when Dream’s about to wipe his lips with his tissue, George pushes his box towards the curious blonde.

There’s a portion of his meal still present and a clean fork stabbed into the slice of steak.

“What?” Dream asks, dumbfounded at the meal in front of him. George simply pushes it even closer to him and Dream frowns. “What are you playing at?”

“For crying out loud,” George groans, picking up the fork with the steak still attached to it and shoving it into Dream’s face. “Eat, moron.”

Dream scrunches his nose at first, but eventually parts his lips, allowing George to guide the fork into his mouth. The steak is as savory as it looks and Dream regrets not asking George for a taste sooner. George smiles at him and then moves the fork towards the fries, bringing one up for Dream to try as well. Dream engulfs it in one bite and then quietly chews with the most monotonous expression he can manage. He’d prefer his delight kept a secret.

“You don’t have to pretend like you don’t like it,” George mumbles when Dream finishes the meal, folding the napkin in his hand and bringing it up to Dream’s lips. “I think you’re forgetting that I can sense your satisfaction.”

It’s weird to have George this close. Dream wants to pull away, but something compels him to stay and let George rid his face of any messy residue. For some reason, this feels more intimate than when they’d pressed up against each other in the shadows. Dream’s not used to this level of intimacy; he’s never let himself experience it.

Vulnerability will always be the downfall of a foolish alpha.

“Stop scowling,” George sighs, pulling away and jutting his lower lip out. “You’re like a cat. You pretend you hate everything, but I can feel you purring.”

An arrow pierces Dream through his chest and had they been cartoon characters, Dream would’ve fallen over from the impact.

“Like a *cat*?!”

Dream loves cats. He has one himself, a beauty by the name of Patches. She’s spoiled with love and is put on a high pedestal, making her the unofficial ruler of their house. Cats are agile and ruthless, making excellent predators, and Dream has suffered enough scratches from Patches to never question that.

However, he can’t help how offended he feels when being compared to one. It’s in his nature.

George, on the other hand, seems to love seeing Dream as a cat and after watching a few videos of Patches that Dream generously shares, it’s confirmed that he won’t let the idea go.

“They say owners are a lot like their pets,” George hums as he packs away his books.

The bell ending the last period has just rung. Dream isn’t sure if it’s the lack of sleep catching up to him or the exhaustion from accompanying George all day, but he can’t wait to go home and roll around in bed until the next morning.

“Patches and I are nothing alike,” Dream replies, slinging his backpack over his shoulder.

It’s the truth. Patches is too lovable to be like him and far too dependent on belly rubs and treats for her own good. The only thing they have in common is their thirst to have things go their way.

However even that, Dream finds himself sacrificing to appease her. Whoever said owning a cat would be easy was wrong. Worth the effort, yes, but by no means easy.

Dream stands up and stretches his arms out. Normally, he would be racing out the school gates by now, but George is staring at him like he expects him to wait. Dream doesn't know when he started caring about George's wants, but he decides to be nice and linger a while longer.

Pleased, George finishes packing up and then walks in step with Dream as they head out the classroom. By now, other people have noticed their lack of competitive fuel. Hushed whispers and interested eyes follow the pair on their walk down the halls and instead of being a nuisance like usual, they actually help soothe Dream's worries.

It wasn't just in his head then. George was acting weird and something in the air around them was changing.

"I have a cat too," George mentions, making a pit stop at his locker, and Dream tells himself that he's only waiting because he wants to hear more about the cat. "A little baby with big round eyes. Very pretty."

Dream wants to ask for a picture or a video, after all it's only fair, but for some reason his courage dissipates and he's left awkwardly staring at George while the brunet files things into his locker. The two of them loiter in the hall for a few more minutes and then George shuts his locker, but not before pulling out a suspicious ziploc bag.

"Here," George says, holding out the bag for Dream to take. "Consider it a second, more proper 'thank you' gift."

Dream extends a hand, palm facing up, and George leaves the bag in his grasp. A quick inspection leads to the surprising discovery of five chocolate chip cookies. They're too messy to have been made at a bakery, but look delicious nonetheless and although Dream has never been a big fan, his mouth waters with a desire to taste.

"You bake?" Dream asks, looking at George for an answer.

George continues to stubbornly avoid his gaze, "Sometimes."



Dream eyes the bag for a few more minutes, debating whether or not he should eat them. He's hit with a wave of nausea and at first he thinks it's an omen warning him against consumption, but then he sees the way George fiddles with his fingers nervously and realizes that the nausea is stemming from him and not Dream.

Dream sighs quietly and then opens the bag, taking one cookie out. He breaks it in half and then offers a piece to George, but George mistakes his awkward attempt at friendliness for something more sinister. A look of hurt flashes across his face and Dream assumes that what George thinks is that Dream is testing to see whether the cookies are laced with poison—which, to be fair, is a reasonable fear. Dream would never *actually* believe that, but it's understandable why George would think otherwise.

Unsure of how to handle the situation, Dream shoves both pieces into his mouth.

"Good," he says, swallowing roughly and coughing when he realizes that he hasn't chewed them into sufficiently small pieces. The fit makes George's face twist with a new concern and Dream pales at the joke he makes, "Hairball."

Fortunately, it's successful in cheering George up and when George giggles the same way he did Saturday night, Dream thinks the embarrassment is worth it. The fact that the memory remains so vivid to him should be enough of an explanation.

Round eyes with glimmering stardust. *Pretty—*

Objectively speaking of course.

*"They say owners are a lot like their pets."*

Maybe that's not so wrong after all.

"I'm glad you like it," George says. "Spent all of yesterday trying to make them with the help of one of my maids. I think she never wants to see me in the kitchen again."

For the first time that day, Dream lets out a genuine chuckle. His condescending sense of humor is swapped with something more friendly at the thought of George frantically moving around the kitchen. Maybe with burnt cookies in the trash and his hair fried to a crisp while his maid

supervises with a concerned smile.

“Yeah,” Dream says, staring at the remaining cookies in his bag. “Thanks.”

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“I’m telling you he’s the one!”

Dream is more than thrilled to have Sapnap back, but if Sapnap is going to keep talking his ear off with nonsense, then maybe Dream should’ve used his unannounced absence coupon card for today. To further elaborate, given that Dream and Sapnap are practically bound to each other, it’s considered a crime to be absent without informing the other.

So, Sapnap owes Dream one day off.

“You went on one date,” Dream replies, leaning against the lockers with a skeptical scowl on his face. “Just how optimistic can you be?”

“Just how pessimistic can *you* be?” Sapnap snorts under his breath. “It’s just a feeling, okay?”

“Doesn’t sound reliable.”

“And what experience do *you* speak from?”

Dream blinks twice, caught off guard by Sapnap’s sudden question. It’s meant to be light-hearted and when Sapnap sees the unintentional damage he’s caused, he immediately shuts his locker and gives Dream his full attention. Apologies spill from Sapnap’s mouth, stringing together a barely coherent explanation of a misunderstanding, but Dream doesn’t acknowledge it.

“I guess you’re right,” Dream nods once with no affronted expression on his face.

Sapnap sighs, rubbing the nape of his neck, “And here I thought I accidentally hurt you. You’re as hard to read as ever.”

Dream shrugs, running a hand through his hair. The look on his face has yet to morph, remaining blank and almost soulless. Sapnap has told him countless times before that Dream is much more frightening this way than when he’s outwardly expressing his anger or frustration, so much so that it actually sends a shiver down Sapnap’s spine; something about the fear of the unknown. In this case, the unknown would be Dream’s feelings.

“Don’t give me that look, man,” Sapnap frowns with a shudder, eyebrows lowered and lips pinched into a pout.

Dream tilts his head, “What look?”

“The *George* look,” Sapnap says, pulling out his phone from his jacket pocket. “It’s so hard to understand you when you’re like that. You could be plotting my death for all I know.”

It’s always been weird to Dream that Sapnap has never been able to read his expressions through his senses and the same goes for vice versa. At first, he had a hunch that it had to do with both of them being alphas, but that was quickly debunked after he learned he couldn’t read betas or omegas either, thanks to Alyssa and Ponk respectively. Which begs the question—

“Hey.”

Dream frowns at the sight of George. He’d picked up on the strawberry scent from a distance, but he had speculated that George would leave him alone now that he’d repaid the ‘favor’ with his cookies.

“Oh, George. What’s up?”

Sapnap’s quick to greet him, even though it’s more than just a little peculiar to him that George is speaking to them so casually. Dream doesn’t pay any mind to their conversation, much more focused on this foreign aura that surrounds them. There’s something lurking. Something other than the usual freshness to George’s typical presence. Dream can smell the underlying turmoil and he can sense a hostile pressure weighing down on his back.

“Hey,” Dream finds himself saying before his pride can tell him to stop. “Is everything okay?”

George’s eyes widen and Sapnap turns his head to face Dream. Neither of them seem to expect those words to fly out of Dream’s mouth, George from accustomed indifference and Sapnap from oblivious tendencies. Eventually, George drops the practiced smile, displaying one that’s more vulnerable.

“I can’t hide anything from you, can I?”

*Keep your friends close; keep your enemies closer.*

Right, that’s the quote Dream’s been living by for all these years. He knows all of George’s telling signs and even facts that George tries his hardest to keep a secret. He knows that George plays the role of a model student, but longs for a sense of freedom that comes from being a delinquent. That’s why he dates so many people and that’s why everyone he dates always turns out to be less than adequate. It’s probably how he found out that the rooftop alarm was broken. Dream also knows that being rich comes with a price and the price that George pays is not knowing his parents as much as he’d like to. That and all the extra classes he takes to make sure he’s the heir everyone expects him to be. It explains the extra books Dream saw in George’s locker yesterday.

George is never true to himself because everyone expects him to be as ruthless as his parents. Maybe that’s why Dream had felt so confused yesterday. Because for the first time, George had stopped trying to conform to everyone else’s perception of him.

*“It’s just a feeling, okay?”*

“My pet goldfish died,” George sighs with a shrug. “I knew it was gonna happen soon, but it hurts all the same.”

Sapnap jumps at the chance to comfort him, saying that he felt the same pain when he lost his pet hamster in middle school. Dream treats the conversation as background noise. He’s too busy staring at George and watching as his worry fades to comfort. The burden on Dream’s shoulders rolls off when Sapnap manages to get a laugh out of George.

He’s never really understood why he shares George’s feelings, but something tells him it’s a little more than hatred.

*Just a feeling, huh?*

“What was that this morning?” Sapnap asks with a confused frown, tightly gripping his lunch tray as they climb the staircase. “George coming up to us for no reason? Creepy.”

“I thought you’d like the change,” Dream replies. “After all, you did say our rivalry was immature.”

Sapnap makes a face at Dream and Dream chuckles softly, knowing he’s won. It’s not unlike Sapnap to speak ill of George, although the comments are never anything too harsh. Sometimes Dream thinks he only says those things to cheer him up. As silly as it is, Dream appreciates it because he knows it’s not in Sapnap’s nature to be mean to anyone. It goes to show how much he cares about Dream and that’s what makes their friendship all the more valuable.

“Where are we going anyway?” Sapnap asks, tiredly dragging his legs up the last flight of stairs, just a few steps behind Dream.

Dream doesn’t reply. Instead, he comes to a stop in front of the steel door and then places his right hand firmly on the bar.

“Dude, wait a second, there’s—”

Dream pushes the door open.

“—an alarm. *Huh?*”

Sapnap’s shock mirrors what Dream had felt yesterday. It confirms Dream’s speculations from earlier. This wasn’t common knowledge; George learned it from someone with a knack for trouble.

*Speaking of George*, Dream looks around curiously. It shouldn't surprise him that George isn't here. After all, yesterday had been unusual for both of them. George usually surrounds himself with a lot of people, probably to fill in the large holes in his chest that his parents have left. It wouldn't make sense for him to be up here alone.

Dream wonders why George came up there with him yesterday. Maybe because he wasn't alone.

But Dream and George have always considered themselves alone, even in each other's presence.

"Oh, you're here?"

Dream turns his head. Standing at the doorway is George with his lunchbox clutched tightly in his hands. There's pasta in it today and some garlic bread on the side. It looks as luxurious and appetizing as it did yesterday.

"You come up here too, George?" Sapnap asks as the three of them settle down.

George rolls his eyes, popping free the clasps of his container, "I showed him this place."

Dream stares at his subway sandwich. He bought this on the way to school because he didn't have time to prepare anything. It's not his favorite, but he likes it. However, after seeing George's lunch, his stomach rumbles with a longing for pasta.

"Hey," Dream mumbles, nudging George's knee with his own and effectively tearing him away from his conversation with Sapnap. "Can I.. have some?"

Silence.

George raises his eyebrows in surprise and Sapnap slouches over in disbelief. Playful comments along the lines of 'you never share food with me' leave the latter, but Dream only sticks his tongue out at him in response. It's George's soft laugh that makes Dream share their shock.

"Yeah, you can have some."

The pasta is as delicious as Dream expects it to be and Sapnap ends up taking a few bites himself. George doesn't seem to have much of an appetite and Dream makes the guess that the death of his fish is a lot more heartbreaking than it sounds. At first thought, it's just a fish—it should be different from other pets: cats, dogs, birds, and so on, right?

Well, it's still a pet and George must've looked after it well for it to affect him this bad. It oddly makes a lot of sense for George to care about something so much when nobody's watching. Dream doesn't really know why he's thinking so much about this though.

“Here.”

Dream holds out half of his sandwich in front of George. George looks taken aback, but accepts the sandwich anyway. Dream watches silently as George slowly eats his share while Sapnap tugs his arm and asks for a portion too.

“That's not fair, I'm your *brother!*”

“Take out the r and it'll be more accurate.”

“The fuck is a brothe!”

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Dream's not really sure when their duo became a trio.

It hasn't been fairly long, only just over a week, but it's still a bit unsettling. George hasn't done anything to earn Dream's distrust and yet that's what keeps Dream on the edge. They've spent so long hating each other that a friendship seems too far-fetched to be real.

And yet every morning, George still greets him with that smile on his face.

“Hello, hello, the sun is shining, the birds are chirping, today is going to be a good day!”

Dream’s left eye twitches, “Do you have to be this cheery every morning?”

George laughs and Dream looks away, feeling a weird churning in his stomach that has become more and more common as of late. He has yet to get used to the tweaks in his day after George started playing the role of his friend instead of his enemy.

“Do you have to complain about this every morning?”

“I wouldn’t have a *complaint* if you were *compliant*. ”

“Ohh, a play on words, how cute.”

The compliment effectively renders Dream speechless and George raises an eyebrow, knowing he’s won. With a scowl, Dream shuts his locker and walks towards his first class, but naturally, George follows him for the journey. Dream doesn’t know if George can’t take a hint or if George can but chooses not to.

“You’re not getting rid of me that easily, Dreamie,” George huffs. “I’ve dealt with your pouty tantrums for years.”

It’s definitely the latter.

Dream and Sapnap continue to join George at the rooftop for lunch. The more frequently they come up here, the more likely they are to get caught, but Dream’s legs begin moving before he can even properly think things through. If George would just go back to hanging out with his own friends during lunch, things would be a lot easier, but that doesn’t seem likely—and even if it happened, something tells Dream that he’d gravitate towards the rooftop anyway and wait.



Dream curiously looks over at George, trying to see what meal he has prepared for today, and instead discovers that George has two containers pulled out in front of him. Through the transparent lid, Dream makes out that both of them carry the same thing.

“Here,” George says, pushing the one with the green outlines towards Dream. Dream blinks twice, looking down at it and then back up at George. “You’ve been stealing my food all week, so I asked my chef to make extra.”

“Huh?” Sapnap pops into the conversation, “What about me? That’s biased!”

George and Sapnap digress into a conversation of how the raven usually spends the entire lunch period texting Karl instead of eating and Dream lets them fizzle into background noise, simply staring at the container in front of him instead.

The food inside looks incredibly appetizing and Dream can feel his mouth salivating already, but what catches his eye the most is the faint traces of color. His finger absentmindedly follows the green clasps while he admires the shade and unbeknownst to him, George is watching.

“Green’s your favorite color, right?”

Dream’s head shoots up in shock and when he catches George’s gaze, he nods once curtly. He means to ask how George knows, but he can’t get the words out. George still understands him.

“You mentioned it in class once, but I don’t remember when,” George shrugs, opening his own container. “I thought it might’ve changed since you hardly ever wear it, but you always choose the green chalk when you’re called to write on the board.”

Did he? He hadn’t noticed that, but George is probably right. Dream doesn’t put much thought into small things like that, he simply goes with whatever he likes and it would be very much like him to search for a green chalk without even realizing it.

It’s not world changing to know that George has picked up on something like that. He’s the first to call Dream out on a mistake if he ever makes one, always eager to go up to the board himself and correct it. Noticing something like Dream’s preference in chalk sounds weird, but given the context it’s not unusual. It’s a little more strange to know that George remembers a time he mentioned his favorite color, but still, nothing *too* weird.

What confuses Dream the most is that George chose to show that he knew. He took time considering something as small as the details to a container just because he knew Dream might like it a little more.

“Thanks,” Dream says quietly.

He doesn’t know what to feel.

Well, he does. It’s distrust, right? Because George must have a reason for doing all of this. Some sinister reason.

He looks up again, seeing George and Sapnap bicker about something amongst themselves. George drops his head dramatically, his bangs falling over his eyes. The action draws Dream’s attention to his round cheeks which are pink from laughter and his pouty lips.

Whatever it is that Dream feels.. it is far from distrust.

“What happened to the sunny skies?” Sapnap whines.

It’s the end of classes for today. Rain started pouring some time after lunch and because there was no sign of dark clouds this morning, neither Sapnap or Dream have an umbrella at hand.

“Hopefully it clears up later,” Sapnap groans, stretching his arms over his head.

“Later?” Dream asks.

“Yeah, I got detention for falling asleep during class twice this morning,” Sapnap says with a sheepish grin and Dream sighs. “Well, good luck! Don’t get sick.”

Before Dream can get a word in, Sapnap turns the corner and races down the hall, trying to beat the alarm. Dream is left standing awkwardly at the door, staring at the heavy rain with a concerned frown on his face.

The walk home is fifteen minutes. There's no way he can avoid getting sick if he's out there for that long. He could use his bag as a shield, but the last time he did that, he had to rewrite all his notes and his homework. He also nearly broke his phone and he's not risking that again.

The best he can do is wait it out.

Except it's estimated to rain until 6pm and Dream is not letting his school hold him hostage for another four hours.

Strawberries. With how often that word pops up in Dream's head, it's beginning to sound less and less like a real word. However, that's George's scent. Just strawberries. What else is Dream supposed to think of when George walks by?

"Whoa, it's raining pretty hard."

Today George's scent is hitting Dream harder than usual. Day by day, it's been growing at a steady pace. Yesterday, Dream even considered pinching his nose to avoid it, but today it's incredibly stronger and almost nauseating. Dream feels lightheaded. It hadn't been this strong during lunch, so he makes what he thinks is the most logical assumption.

"Strawberry perfume?"

"How'd you know?" George gasps jokingly, stuffing his hand into his bag and wiggling it around. "Sorry, but I had no choice. You're gonna have to trust me on this one."

*Don't*, Dream warns himself.

"I wouldn't have used it unless it was absolutely necessary. I know how much you hate it."

Dream's whisper is barely audible, "I don't hate it."

George raises his eyebrows and looks at him, but Dream shifts his gaze quickly. The information is new to him as well, so he doesn't need to sense George's confusion to feel it. He's not sure why he said that or at least, why he said that *out loud*.

He spoke without thinking. It's something he does a lot when he lets his guard down, something Sapnap is used to. It's weird enough that he let it down around George, especially after warning himself not to, but to say that he doesn't hate George's scent? When he's spent over a decade saying that he has? What game was his mind playing now?

While George busies himself searching for whatever it is in his bag, Dream makes a quick decision to inhale deeply.

That familiar feeling in his chest returns.

George's scent isn't unpleasant. In fact, Dream thinks he kind of likes it; no, he *knows* that he likes it. So why did he try to convince himself that he didn't?

"Found it!"

Dream flinches when George yanks something out of his bag. At first he's unsure what it is because of how fast he moves, but then he realizes that it's an umbrella.

"Always prepared," George brags, swinging the umbrella around by its strap once.

Dream watches him open the umbrella and then hold it out in the rain before stepping under it carefully. George turns around and Dream raises his hand, prepared to wave goodbye, but George speaks first.

"Let's go, Dream. I'll walk you home."

The universe likes to play cruel jokes.

They coincidentally reach Dream's house during the exact moment that Dream's mother climbs out of her car. George is quick to abandon Dream in the rain so that he can offer her his umbrella instead.

Dream pays no mind and walks up to his door, putting his key into the slot. When the door opens, Patches crawls out to greet him, but then walks away when she hears the pitter patter of the rain hitting the porch. Dream laughs softly and steps inside, holding the door open for his mom.

"It's been so long since I've last seen you, George," his mother says as the two of them walk up to the door. "You're all grown up now."

She steps inside and Dream has the full intention of shutting the door to end the conversation, but to avoid an entire lecture on manners, he resists the temptation. He also wants to leave the scene, but knowing his mother's tendencies to bring up embarrassing stories of him no matter what conversation she's having, he decides it's better to stay. The last thing Dream needs is George blabbering to his friends about the time Dream pissed his bed.

"So, are you planning to stay for dinner?"

*Oh fuck no.*

"Actually he was just leaving," Dream rushes to say. "Thanks for walking me back, George. See you!"

He swings his arm forward, the door flying at an incredible speed, but his mother stops it with her foot. When she turns her head to face Dream, her expression makes Dream cower in defeat and Drista, who has come to retrieve Patches, makes fun of him for it.

She also points at George, then Dream, and makes kissy faces until Dream pushes her away.

“Please, come in, I insist,” Dream hears his mother saying, wedging the door open even more.  
“Dinner is the least I can offer after you went through the trouble of walking my son home because he forgot an umbrella even though I always tell him to carry one just in case.”

The ‘thank you’ sounds more like a rant.

That’s how Dream ends up awkwardly sitting at the dinner table while his parents question George about everything they possibly can. From his hobbies to his career path to his family to his *relationship with Dream*.

“You’re the first person Clay has brought home, you know,” Dream’s father eagerly says.

“Dad,” Dream groans, pushing his face into his hands.

Next to him, Drista snickers and Dream sends her a deadly glare, but she doesn’t show any signs of fear and even laughs a little louder. It’s one of the cons of being an amazing brother.

“Oh, am I? That’s interesting,” George says, sending a quick glance at Dream that tells the latter how incredibly unfortunate this conversation is going to be for him. “Dream’s quite popular at our school, so I would’ve expected to hear otherwise.”

“Well,” Dream’s mother shrugs, slicing herself a piece of lamb. “Dream has never talked about anyone enough for us to think that he likes them, let alone is dating them.”

There were a million other ways Dream’s day could’ve gone today, so why is it that the universe he’s living in makes it necessary for his parents to embarrass him in front of his enemy. They even *know* Dream doesn’t like George, so this has to be some sort of revenge scheme, right? Did he neglect his chores? Tease his sister too much?

“The person he talks about the most, other than well- Sapnap, is probably you. Actually, he might mention you *more* than Sapnap.”

Dream is convinced his mother is out to kill him.

“That’s not true,” Dream denies before George can get a witty remark in. He turns his head to look at the clearly amused brunet, “She’s lying.”

Drista seizes her chance to barge into the conversation, “She’s not lying. You talk about him all the- ow!”

Dream doesn’t feel any remorse for pinching her nose.

George is sitting there, trying to stifle a laugh as he hides his lips behind his glass of water. By now he’s probably heard enough to give him a lifetime’s supply of jabs to aim at Dream. None of which Dream can even deny because it came out the mouths of his own family members.

This is what Dream means by distrust. This is what George wants. To get close to Dream and then find things he can use against him.

“Well, to be fair, I talk about him a lot too,” George confesses casually after taking a sip of water. “My maids are probably tired of hearing his name.”

Dream stops lightly tugging on Drista’s cheek to tune into the conversation. His eyes fly towards George to check for any of his lying habits, but all he sees is a shy smile that doesn’t have enough courage to even be directed towards him.

George talks about him.

Whether he says good things or bad things is left for speculation, but it’s easy to read in between the lines. Dream sees the way George plays with his fingers and rolls his tongue over his lips. But then why had George said it? What could he possibly gain from sharing Dream’s embarrassment?

Sometimes, men are such hard creatures to understand.

“I still have your leather jacket, by the way,” George mentions while Dream walks him home.

Yes, that’s correct. While Dream *walks him home*. If this was willingly done is up for debate. Half of Dream wants to blame his mom for pressuring him to be a good alpha, but the other half of him is fed up with having to hide behind lies. The truth is that a part of him did want to walk George home, but he’s unsure if that’s because of anything other than guilt. After all, George had walked in the rain with him for fifteen minutes just because Dream had forgotten his stupid umbrella.

“I had my maids put it through the washer three times, separate from the rest of my clothes, just to be certain that there was as little of *me* there as possible,” George says matter-of-factly. His face immediately twists, “I mean- like- my scent. Nothing else, oh my god.”

Dream laughs at that, his own face scrunching up at the thought of it being anything different. George joins in on the laughter after he’s finished being horrified with himself and once it dies down, they share a smile.

“I think that’s the first time you’ve laughed because of me,” George notes, nudging Dream lightly with his elbow.

Dream frowns a little, “I’ve laughed because of you before.”

Not that it matters. Why would George care about making Dream laugh? And why was Dream so defensive over making George think that he has?

“Nope,” George shakes his head, reaching out to press a few numbers into the keypad by his gate. “You’ve laughed *at* me.”

“Same difference.”

The large gates push open and George walks inside, but Dream waits by the gates. He’s not sure if he’s allowed past this point and he doesn’t want to risk seeming too assertive. George turns around when he realizes Dream isn’t following him and raises an eyebrow, asking for an explanation, but



Dream doesn't have one so he just waves.

"Okay, you can wait out here while I fetch you your jacket then."

"It's okay," Dream cuts in. "You can keep it."

George probably has more leather jackets than Dream has pairs of socks and that jacket cost Dream nearly eighty bucks, making his wallet cry for over two months. The best course of action would be to get it back. However, Dream doesn't really want it back. It's not because it's tainted by George's satanic clutches or anything like that. It's just..

"You look better in it anyway."

Besides, Dream thinks he would've preferred it if George *hadn't* stripped it of his scent.

It's been hard to sleep as of late, so when Dream finds himself staring at the ceiling later that night, he's not phased in the slightest. There are a lot of questions that he needs answered, but it's too hard to take everything on at once, so he's left feeling lost and frustrated at his own incompetence. Every day, new things pile on top of him and he's already this exhausted from his thoughts. He's not sure how he's going to face tomorrow or the day after that.

What he needs to do is to start with the smaller questions and lead into the bigger ones. Today, that question concerns his attraction to George's scent. Maybe it's not new to him, maybe it's always been that way, but to be attracted to a scent usually means to be attracted to a person. That's how their bodies are wired.

Dream doesn't like George; scratch that, he *can't* like George.

He sighs softly and lowers his eyes. His eyelids feel heavy even if his mind is far from letting him rest. There's a vase of roses on his windowsill, his favorite. He's always been drawn to them, even if they are the symbol of that which he lacks experience in, but he's never had a reason.

It's a bit funny. He's always favored the red ones and Sapnap has always teased him about how they look a little too similar to ripe strawberries. The two compliment each other well and yet Dream has always kept them at opposite sides of a spectrum.

Lazily, Dream reaches for his phone and with a half conscious mind, he searches for any correlation between the two.

"Rosaceae," Dream reads, knowing he's butchered the pronunciation. "The rose family."

He scrolls mindlessly through the definition and the list of scientific names that are related. When he gets to *Fragaria*, he glances at his vase of roses again and then closes his eyes.

That's one answer.

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"So, are you coming, Dream?"

Dream blinks twice, slowly turning his head to face Sapnap. "Coming..?"

"Honestly, were you even listening to us, Dream?" Sapnap asks with a pout, pointing at his phone to show that he's currently on facetime with Karl. "We're going to Callahan's party."

Dream shrugs, drumming his fingers against his locker gently. If it isn't obvious enough, parties aren't really Dream's scene. They're too noisy and filled with people that Dream has never met and doesn't have the intention of ever meeting. He only enjoys them when they're with his friends and more casual than upbeat. The last time he went to a party he enjoyed was probably during Sapnap's birthday and if that doesn't count, then maybe the one Bad held when he came back to Florida for a brief visit.

"George will be coming too," Karl mentions, peering into the camera curiously and Dream looks

away from him.

Of course George is going. George never misses a chance to show his face in public or flaunt a nice outfit. It's not necessarily a bad thing, no matter how much Dream tells himself that it is. He's not jealous of George's confidence nor is he jealous of his wealth. He's got plenty of pride himself, whether it be from instinct or from personality, and money has never been a priority of his.

So maybe he only finds it annoying because it's George and he's told himself that he *needs* to find everything about George annoying because that's how their relationship works.

They're enemies. That's how it's always been. And when he gave George that present, he wasn't aiming to change that because—because he's not sure if he'd be able to change himself. The feelings that he's held for George this long won't change overnight.

Whatever comfort it is that they've found in each other right now will wash away.

"Then I'm not going."

"What?" Sapnap and Karl say in unison. "Why not?"

Dream lifts his head just in time to see George approach them from behind Sapnap. The brunet slings an arm around Sapnap's shoulder, greeting him and Karl cheerfully before moving onto Dream and flashing him a smile brighter than the sun that peeks in from the windows. The sweet fragrance that Dream has learned to admire reels him back into the harsh reality that he'd been on the edge of discovering last night. He looks away, finding the clock that hangs alone in their hallway. The seconds tick down one after the other and then the bell for the first period rings.

Dream pushes himself off the lockers and walks away.

"You're not gonna eat with us?" Sapnap whines when Dream announces that he's going to head straight to the library. Dream shakes his head in response and turns to leave, but Sapnap grabs his arm before he can move. "Wait a second."

Dream tosses a glance over his shoulder, raising his eyebrows to silently ask what's wrong. He catches Sapnap staring at him with furrowed brows and pursed lips; the evident worry makes Dream feel a bit guilty.

"You've been acting strange all week," Sapnap mutters, releasing Dream's hand and instead taking a step forward so that he doesn't have to speak too loudly. "What's wrong?"

Arguably, nothing's wrong. Life this past week has been nothing short of perfectly normal. Other than his lack of banter with George, other forms of change aren't apparent. Funnily enough, this is something Dream often wished for when he was younger. A life where George wasn't constantly out to get him.

Yet it still feels strange. He no longer has an urge to hold his breath whenever George walks by, he's stopped bitterly insulting him every chance he gets, and most of all, he's starting to see George as his equal. Dream, who never cared about their inherent places on social hierarchies except for when it came to George, could feel himself losing the desire to place himself above George in any and every way possible.

Dream has always soared to reach higher, to put a wide gap between where he stands and where George stands, but now he's stopped caring about that all together.

He feels himself falling.

The wind picks up the longer he falls and Dream has climbed so far into the clouds that he doesn't know when or where he's going to land.

It's frightening.

"Nothing's wrong."

"Don't give me that!" Sapnap shouts in frustration, eyes aflame with the passion that defines him. "You've been like this ever since- ever since George started hanging out with us. At first you seemed really happy, but now you're so.. empty. You're not you."

Normally, Dream would instinctively raise his own voice to match Sapnap's volume. To reiterate an earlier point: a competition is a competition, no matter the setting, and neither of them like to lose. That's why they'd come up with the silent rule of taking turns with their victories—to satisfy their ego and also save their friendship.

Dream had been too caught up in his thoughts to realize that he was lacking the energy for any type of competition, be it conversations or even games. Of course Sapnap would notice.

“When did we start keeping secrets from each other, Clay?”

Dream lowers his gaze. Sapnap's not mad, no matter how angry he sounds. He's not shouting because he wants things to go his way or because he wants to show off his power. Sapnap's a lot like Dream; at the end of the day, he doesn't value attaining ideal attributes over his friends. That's why he's here right now. Because he's worried about Dream and he's okay with showing that he cares.

That's why he's trying so hard to be Dream's extra pillar even when Dream is the one drilling cracks into him.

“I'm sorry,” Dream mumbles quietly, rolling his tongue past his lips. “I guess, the reason is because..”

Day after day, night after night, Dream has tried to understand why he can't shake away the weird feeling that's clinging to his chest. It's not new, that's for sure, but it's more unstable—more *unbearable* now and Dream wants to deal with it quickly before it ends up affecting him even more.

Has it always been this hard to understand himself?

That's not true. All these troubles started recently. With the stress of picking a college right on his heels and the thought of having to part ways with many of the people he's grown up with, Dream doesn't have the strength to deal with anything else. Yet for some reason, this weight seems more important than either of those things and Dream has begun to realize that it might be because it has a lot to do with both of them. A combination of his biggest problems and more.

Every time he closes his eyes, there's only one face he can see. It's been this way before, but now.. now it feels a little different.

Dream thinks he hates it.

“I don’t know either.”

Dream bangs his fist against the locker.

It’s a quarter past four, two hours past his usual dismissal time. He had stayed in the library for a while longer to catch up on some studying, but also because he couldn’t face Sapnap. They always walk home together, but Dream doesn’t know how to approach him after this afternoon. They hadn’t really fought, but the tension was still there. Sapnap was probably over it by now, but Dream’s guilt lingers. Staying behind because of his cowardice only increases it tenfold.

There were hardly any students left in the building. Dream spotted two in the library and a couple in the gym, but other than that, he was free to wallow in his despair without worrying about beady eyes.

Or so he thought.

Dream flinches at the scent that greets him before the voice. George, with a textbook clutched tightly to his chest, jogs up to him with a bright smile on his face. He’s feeling everything that Dream isn’t at the moment: joy, relief, excitement. It makes Dream feel worse than before because of unreasonable envy.

“Hey,” George chirps, drumming his fingers against the back of his hardcover book. “You’re um—you’re here too?”

Dream scoffs lightly, “What does it look like?”

He feels the confusion before George frowns and it only angers him more. Why does this always happen? And why does it have to be with George of all people? Dream would do anything for it to

be somebody else.

“Right, sorry, stupid question,” George says, scratching the nape of his neck. “Uh, so, is.. is everything okay?”

Dream doesn't say anything. He only turns his torso to fully face George and then straightens his posture so that he's no longer hunched over. George should know what this means. It's the stance that Dream takes whenever he's too tired to deal with whatever bullshit George has prepared for him. George never listens to the silent warning, but this time, Dream catches the way his gaze wavers.

It's different. It's a change. Dream grits his teeth.

“Sapnap said that you and him had a little disagreement,” George continues, shifting his eyes to the ground between them. “But the way you're feeling right now- it's not just because of that, is it? It's something worse.”

“You don't know anything,” Dream replies, trying to put an end to George's digging before it angers him even more.

His nails are digging painful crescents into his palms from how hard he's clenching his fists. That urge he used to have, the one that would've led him to land a punch on George by now, is no longer there. It's frustrating. *Why* is everything changing?

“I don't need to know anything to be worried” George replies, taking a step forward boldly. “You haven't been yourself lately, Dream.”

*No shit*, Dream thinks.

He wants to laugh because of how accurate that is. He hasn't been himself, anyone with two functioning eyes can see that, but for some reason, hearing *George* point that out, no matter how obvious it is, is the pin that pops his bubble.

“Why do you care!?” Dream shouts, stepping forward and grabbing George by the shoulders just to slam him against the lockers. “Stop getting involved in shit that doesn't concern you, you're so fucking annoying!”

Apparently, George's stubbornness is the only thing that has yet to change.

"Because we're friends! I care about you, Dre- Clay. Tell me what's wrong so that I can help!"

Dream's hands slide down George's arms until they sway lifelessly at his sides. At first glance, it seems like he's given up, but he hasn't. Of course he hasn't. Dream doesn't like the taste of defeat.

"Spare me your bullshit."

Dream's fists tighten again and then he raises one arm slowly and throws it forward. It meets the lockers with a deafening bang, missing George's face by a hair's breadth.

"We're not friends. We were never friends and we will never be friends."

Dream looks up, expecting to meet a fiery gaze that parallels his own. He anticipates shouting, maybe even a slap, something that portrays anger, but he gets none of that. What he gets is a crushing amount of sadness that breaks through the last walls securing his heart.

He feels each tear that spills down George's rosy cheeks. He hears the splinter of hope in each shaky breath. He sees the happiness die in George's eyes, each star that he admired fading into the empty abyss.

He wants so badly to apologize, but at the same time, he doesn't want that at all. Because he knows what the desire to embrace means and it's scary.

Change is scary.

Dream takes a few steps back and then turns around. He hears George slide down the wall slowly and the book in his hands falls with a soft thud. Still, Dream refuses to look back because he knows he won't be able to stop himself if he does.

"Please just leave me alone."



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At the end of the day, Sapnap accepts Dream's apology, but not without making Dream listen to his lecture on life. "You miss all of the shots that you don't take," and "If you keep running, you'll eventually hit a dead end," and so on. For someone who only reads manga, Sapnap has a plethora of inspirational quotes. It's a little exhausting, but Dream won't lie and say that they didn't help him cheer up a little.

Sapnap is a naturally born leader. It's not just because he's an alpha. He's more intelligent than he likes to let on, he's very persuasive, and most importantly of all, he has compassion. People feel safe around him.

Dream has been told he's a good leader too. He's not as caring as Sapnap—although that doesn't mean he's an asshole either—but he makes up for it with charisma. While he treasures his alone time and hates socializing more than the average person, he's good at figuring out what causes people to sway. So, when someone that has been raised to be a gentleman also specializes in exploiting weaknesses, rising to the top is easy. After all, people follow who they like.

In short, both of them are used to having things under their control.

So, when Dream starts slipping and neither him or Sapnap know what to do, naturally they start to panic. Eventually, that leads to them taking desperate measures.

"I'm not asking Bad," Dream refuses with a frown.

"Oh come *on*," Sapnap groans, rolling onto his stomach. Dream's bed is not big enough for the both of them but they make it work. "He's old! Old people are wise."

Sapnap had stolen his phone, pulled up their friend's contact info, and tossed it back at Dream, only for Dream to vehemently be against the idea. The last thing he needed was for more people to know that he was losing his grip on things. It would do a number to his ego.

Bad's not one to judge and he would take Dream's secret to the grave if Dream wanted him to, but

Dream still hesitates. Maybe this is just a phase every alpha experiences which means that Bad's age wouldn't matter since he's a beta.

Dream's eyes drift to Sapnap who stares back at him and sighs. It definitely isn't that.

"This is embarrassing," Dream groans after stubbornly hitting the dial button.

He doesn't even have time to regret his decision because Bad picks up on the second ring, "Hello? Dream?"

Suddenly, Dream finds himself unable to speak. He's never been nervous about talking to Bad before, but for some reason, right now—his throat is dry and his mind is blank. Sapnap gives him a thumbs up, but still, Dream struggles to find the right words to say. All that comes out is a strangled hum, but it's enough to get Bad's attention.

"Dream? What's wrong?"

There's that question again. *What's wrong?* It's a stupid question. If he knew what was wrong, would he really be calling?

This is unlike him. Dream—who keeps his troubles to himself, who refuses to ask for help, who strives to be powerful through independence—is drowning, anchored by his own thoughts. When did it become like this?

"Everything," Dream whispers, blinking twice in a pathetic attempt to soothe the strain on his eyes. "I'm so confused, Bad. I don't know what to do."

Sapnap reaches over, one hand sliding over Dream's back to comfort him, and Dream lets him feel the tremble that creeps down his spine. Two drops of tears hit the sheets beneath him.

"Okay," Bad breathes slowly into the mic, showing Dream that it's okay to take his time. "Did something happen?"

"No," Dream answers, but after some thought that answer changes. "I mean—yes, yes, something

happened recently.”

This is news to Sapnap as well, but Sapnap turns his head away, hiding his curiosity. This isn’t to save his face, but to spare Dream from having to worry about not sharing the information with him. It’s a kind gesture, no matter how minuscule, and it reduces a great load of stress for Dream.

“You don’t have to tell me what happened, but if it’s okay with you,” Bad says softly. “I’d like to know how it made you feel.”

How it made him feel? Other than gasping for air and flailing his arms for something to grab on? Something—someone to save him because he can’t save himself?

“Sad,” Dream answers without really thinking it through. “My chest hurts all the time, even when I try to sleep. I’m constantly thinking about the same thing over and over again and I get so lost trying to find an answer that I can’t—I can’t breathe.”

A silence blankets them for a few seconds. Sapnap doesn’t withdraw his hand, still rubbing circles onto the small of Dream’s back, and Dream mindlessly leans into his touch for comfort. They sit there, listening to the static feedback crackling through the speakers of Dream’s phone, until Bad starts speaking again.

“Dream, again, I don’t want to pressure you into talking about what caused this so I’m gonna give you two sets of advice. Pick whichever applies best to this situation, okay?”

Dream nods, forgetting that Bad can’t see him, and Sapnap gently nudges Dream’s shoulder to tease him. It helps Dream feel more relaxed and he rolls his eyes playfully after wiping away any stray tears.

“If this was because of *something*, I want you to think about if this event will matter a year, two years, five years from now. If your answer is no, it’s best to stop dwelling on it. If your answer is yes, then you have to be strong. There’s a solution and knowing you, you’ve probably already figured it out; you just need to find the courage to carry it through. It may be scary now, but you’ll feel better later, I promise.”

Five years from now. Dream thinks back to when Sapnap had asked him if his rivalry with George would continue in college.

*“If I have to, yeah.”*

Realistically speaking, there's no need for a childhood rivalry to continue into college, even if they end up going to the same one. They'll meet new people, they'll mature, things will change. They might not even cross paths given that campuses are generally huge and they don't have similar career goals.

Yet Dream can't imagine letting it go. He can't imagine not poking fun at George every now and then or bickering in empty corridors or glaring at each other every chance they get.

It makes no sense. He had been so confident in going to a university far away from George's and putting an end to the torture he endured daily for most of his life, but the more he thinks about it, the more he can't see a future without George in it.

This problem that Dream has concerns George, that much he's certain of. Therefore, if all the possible futures he can see includes *George*, then in five years from now, this problem would still matter.

But the solution.. What's the solution?

“If this was because of *someone*, I want you to remember that people come and that people go. Everyone has their flaws, but that's never an excuse to hurt someone else. We always try to see who's right and who's wrong, but oftentimes it's too grey to determine and that's what leads to arguments. Do you care more about winning an argument than you do about that person?”

Dream has always cared about winning, even more so when it came to George. He's spent so many years trying to crush George until he can't pick himself up to bother Dream anymore. Yet when he sensed that overwhelming amount of hurt and when he saw that face of genuine sadness that he'd been trying so hard to achieve, he knew that the painful tugs in his chest weren't just from shared pain.

“You can't pick who stays in your life, Dream, but you can pick who leaves.”

Dream knows what he has to do. He has to tell George how he feels and why he made him leave when he wanted him to stay.

All this time, he had confused love for hatred. He feared what lurked inside of him and that was why he'd been so persistent to push George away. It's been that way for years. While Dream may have only realized it now, this feeling has been hidden in his chest for a long, long time.

It's why Dream always finds himself searching for George and why he can't imagine a future without him in it. It's why Dream says he hates strawberries and yet loves roses enough to keep them in his room. It's why Dream hadn't hesitated to kiss George and why he's been unknowingly fighting the urge to do it again ever since.

*God*, it's even why he had thought he never experienced love. Nobody ever caught his attention like George did, so how could he date them? How could he fall in love when he's already been falling unbeknownst to himself.

The solution is simple and yet it requires all of Dream's courage. He has to swallow his pride and beg. He has to forget that he's an alpha because the one thing that he wants more than anything in the world is the one thing he can't control.

It's George that holds power over Dream .

And Dream needs to do everything that he can to convince George that he's worth it—that he's worth staying for.

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Except it's a lot harder than Dream had anticipated.

“Start with an apology,” Sapnap advises as the two of them huddle by Dream's locker.

Dream fidgets with the zipper of his jacket. He's lost all his confidence despite having practiced this in front of the mirror for *hours* last night. His manliness has gone out the window and he's feeling like anything *but* an alpha right now. If he has to choose, maybe somewhere along the lines of a sore loser.

“Trust me, if there’s one thing we learned in our two week’s worth of friendship, it’s that George is a bigger softie than he lets on,” Sapnap reassures him, patting his back twice as they scout the halls for any signs of the omega. “He’ll accept your apology in a heartbeat.”

Dream nods twice, biting his lower lip nervously, “And if he doesn’t?”

Sapnap freezes and Dream stares at him, waiting for an answer, but it doesn’t come because he clearly doesn’t have one. At the same time, alarms go off in Dream’s head when a familiar odor reaches him and as soon as Sapnap sees Dream’s fear, he pushes Dream forward without even confirming George’s whereabouts.

“Go get ‘em, tiger!”

Dream sighs and then turns his head, using his height advantage and the little ‘loser-in-love’ magnet inside of him to locate where George is. It takes a while, but Dream finally sees him down the hallway, slowly approaching his own locker.

Dream takes a deep breath in, counts to three, and then exhales. It doesn’t help calm him down one bit and he’s beginning to think that Sapnap’s “advice” is just him talking out of his ass. However, because Dream doesn’t have a plan B to fall back on, he has to see Sapnap’s plan to the end.

In the middle of arguing with himself, Dream finds that he’s already closed the gap between him and George immensely and that if he takes a step closer, it’ll be on the edge of creepy. Has the walk from his locker to George’s always been this short?

“Hi,” Dream says, talking to the steel door of George’s locker. When George doesn’t peek his head past it or show any signs of shutting it, Dream decides to continue on, “Listen, George, about yesterday..”

“I’m listening,” George says abruptly, but then the locker slams shut and Dream watches a bubble of strawberry gum pop in front of his face. “But it seems like this is going to be a waste of my time, so I’m done listening.”

With that, George slings his bag over his shoulder and gives Dream a sweet smile before walking away. It’s not the smile that Dream sees in his dreams; it’s the smile perfected to get on Dream’s nerves, the one that George would always plaster on his face during old times.

Dream stares at the spot George was standing in, dumbfounded by what just happened. If he couldn't sense the sadness that George was working so hard to conceal, Dream probably would've assumed that his fears had been right. That George was able to snap back to usual because he never cared in the first place.

But he had felt it. He'd felt that heavy weight that George was carrying and how hard George was trying to hide it. He also saw how tightly George was clutching his backpack and how stiff he had become after seeing Dream's face.

Dream's not sure where he's supposed to go from here. Sapnap's plan was utter shit and Dream *feels* like utter shit for having followed it.

As if Sapnap can sense Dream's thoughts about him, he appears and takes George's spot with a pout on his lips, "Brutal."

"He's not going to eat lunch with us."

"He might."

"He's *not*," Dream says, biting his apple and leading Sapnap to the cafeteria instead of the rooftops.

The two of them loiter by the doors, neither having an appetite they need to suffice, and eventually Dream spots who they're looking for. He points up ahead and at the center of the cafeteria, surrounded by a crowd that suits him, is George. Cheerleaders, jocks, transfers from private schools; George fits in perfectly and at the same time, he stands out. A diamond in a pile of gems.

"You could go get him if you wanted to," Sapnap says with a shrug, tiptoeing a little to see the whole scene. "They're all smitten for you too, so they'd probably let you through even if George told them not to. Except for Alex, Wilbur, and Niki maybe."

"I'm not going anywhere near all of that," Dream says with a shudder. "First, George would hate

me for making a scene in front of them. Second, *I* would hate me for making a scene in front of them.”

He’s aware that minus George’s close friends, the rest of that group have been waiting for a chance to talk to him. A few of them have lurked on his instagram before and many of them have tried to ‘accidentally’ bump into him. Dream feels bad for not knowing half their names, but he doesn’t have a desire to learn them either.

Anyway, even if Sappnap is right, he’s staying put. Nothing is going to convince him to march over there and make a fool of himself.

Dream watches George silently, ducking behind a few tall classmates that walk into the cafeteria so that he doesn’t look like a complete creep. Sappnap thinks that makes him appear even creepier, but Dream has decided to stop listening to him altogether. At least until he solves this thing (by himself).

George seems to be having fun and Dream feels a little pang in his chest that he finds ridiculous. As if George isn’t allowed to have fun with people that aren’t him when he’s done that his entire life; could Dream’s sappy heart get any more pathetic?

The pain is bearable enough for Dream to ignore, but then George does that *thing* that Dream has seen too many times to count. That *thing* where he bats his eyes, tucks a long strand of his fringe behind his ear, and looks up at someone through his lashes. Dream watches as the jock that George is talking to immediately bends down to whisper something into George’s ear and when George places a hand on his chest with feigned shyness, Dream quite literally sees red.

He only realizes he’s walking towards them when Sappnap jumps in front of him and pushes him out of the cafeteria.

“Let me go,” Dream says, slapping at Sappnap’s hands. “He’s too close to him. He’s- oh my god he’s *touching* him, Sappnap let me go.”

Sappnap stubbornly pushes him even further away until Dream can no longer see George flirting with the person who is now at the top of Dream’s hitlist. He doesn’t even know the guy’s name, but Dream swears that the second he gets his hands on him, he’s going to-

“He’s allowed to flirt with who he wants,” Sappnap cuts through Dream’s train of thoughts harshly.



“He’s not yours, Dream. You made sure of that.”

And that’s the harsh truth.

George isn’t his and if there had even been the slightest chance that he could be, Dream had squashed it with his temper tantrum. There’s no way George would want him now and if Dream stormed in there, he would only make things worse for himself.

Yet he can’t help it. He hates seeing other people steal George’s attention away from him. He’s always hated it. All those jokes he’s made about how often George changes boyfriends were derived from seeds of jealousy rooted deep inside of him. Had they not been, he probably wouldn’t have cared enough to notice.

“Your first priority should be to apologize,” Ssnap says, pinching the bridge of his nose with one hand. “Not to mark him.”

“I wasn’t going to mark him,” Dream mutters, shoving Ssnap away lightly.

“Oh, but you want to,” Ssnap argues with a cheeky grin, “You *really* want to.”

Memories of George between his legs with his mouth full of cock return to haunt Dream. The images change the more he lets himself remember and eventually morph until all he can see is a rendition of George with a bite bracketing that tempting gland of his. Red marks fresh from the teeth of an alpha.

Dream groans, slapping his hands over his face.

After spending all day considering a variety of possibilities and preparing a dozen scripts to match each possibility, Dream decides that his best bet is to approach George during their last period together. Their teacher usually lets them discuss things amongst themselves and there’s enough time before or after class to pull George aside as well.

So, Dream arrives to class early and camps right outside the door. There's no way George can walk inside without passing by him and when he does, Dream will rush the apology out before George can even consider running away. It's a stupid way to apologize, but Dream doesn't have many options given that George is probably just going to ignore him if he tries something else. Like he did this morning.

It's a foolproof plan.

Until he gets hit with a scent so strong it causes his knees to buckle and he has to use both his hands to keep himself from falling over. He's temporarily rendered useless and unable to reach out and grab George when the brunet runs past him and as much as he wants to give up and try again later, Dream can't even muster the strength to step inside the classroom.

It's not just him that notices either. Whispers spread like wildfire in the classroom and Dream hears a loud thud before he sees George race out the backdoor. His legs wobble, telling him to stay put until he can regain his strength, but Dream pushes himself off the wall and takes a measly step forward.

He's incredibly dizzy and there's a weird but familiar feeling brewing in his gut. It takes a solid minute for Dream to realize what's happening to him. Hurriedly, he slips his bag off his shoulder and tears it open. His hands work frantically to retrieve his water bottle and a small container of pills.

The chatter has died down for the most part, but the scent lingers. It's not as powerful as before and is therefore quickly forgotten by his classmates, but Dream still needs to breathe through his mouth to keep himself grounded. Once he's steady, he pops a pill into his mouth, swallows it with the assistance of water, and waits for it to affect him.

A few more minutes pass with Dream leaning against the wall, panting breathlessly as he tries to blink away his dizziness. His headache fades slowly, leaving warmth in its wake to remind Dream that suppressants only *suppress*. If Dream doesn't want to accidentally end up doing something he regrets, it's up to him to get himself under control and clear his headspace.

Dream stares at the hallway George had just run down. Something tells him that George won't be returning to class, so he walks inside, grabs George's bag and walks right out without waiting to hear his teacher's complaints. He'll just accept the detention, there are other things that deserve his priority right now.

The trail of George's sweet fragrance acts as Dream's guide and the closer Dream gets to his destination, the harder it is to take a step forward. Dream wants nothing more than to barge in and let the sweet scent embrace him fully, but he knows that if he gives into his desires, he might not be able to stop. The fear is the only thing holding him back from rushing into the bathroom and making sure George is alright.

Dream raises an arm, trying to cover his nose to see if that'll help, but it's a tad bit too late. His mind is already a foggy mess and all he can do now is try his best to keep himself in check.

"George?" Dream calls out gently, pushing the bathroom door open.

He makes sure to hurry inside and limit the amount of air that escapes in case it entices other curious alphas. Once inside, Dream locks the door behind him and struggles to set their bags down on the countertop. There's no escaping for him now; he needs to keep himself at bay.

"Fuck- fuck off," George shouts from one of the stalls all the way at the far end.

Dream stays where he is, not wanting to scare George by getting any closer. Any unwarranted attention from an alpha is frightening for an omega in heat. Once they lose themselves to the instinctive urge to be bred, it's hard to deny help, and that often leads to regretful decisions.

"George," Dream says again, tugging the zipper of his bag open. "You know it's not gonna work if you do it yourself."

In the midst of listening to George whine in frustration, Dream forces another pill down his throat. Two is the most someone should take at a time, so if this doesn't work, then God *please* give him the strength to control himself.

Dream's aware that George can hear the rattle of his pills and the metal clatter of his bottle hitting the sink, but he doesn't really care. George can tease him about the effect he has on him all he wants, Dream is not going to risk accidentally hurting him.

"I'll help you get home," Dream says, leaning against the sink as he slowly calms himself down. "I won't do anything you don't want me to, I promise."

His heart is still beating rapidly in his chest, but that's no longer from an urge to claim, it's from

the shyness of listening to George touch himself while only a few feet away. He wants to say that it's because he was unprepared and that things had escalated quickly, but he knew very well what he was getting himself into. Obviously, he's never experienced a heat himself, but from what he's learned in biology class and from how unbearable his ruts are, he can understand why George was in such a rush to relieve himself.

It's not just his arousal that Dream had felt during that first brutal wave in the hallway, there was also a great deal of panic.

"I'm fine," George says through grit teeth and Dream sighs, knowing just how hard it is for him to lie, especially with an alpha in his presence. "Just- just *go*."

"It's not safe for you if I leave," Dream frowns, rolling his tongue past his lips.

"And what's gonna protect me from you?"

Dream worries his lower lip. He knows George isn't thinking clearly right now, but it still stings. He remembers just how badly he used to want George to cower before him, but even then, it was never with the intention of doing anything inhumane. He hopes George is aware of that because the last thing he wants is for George to be scared of him.

"I'll take a third pill if you want me to," Dream mumbles, "Just let me make sure that you get home safely."

If he takes another, he's going to end up hunched over a toilet later that night, fighting away the urge to faint. However, if it means that George will let him help, Dream doesn't mind dealing with all that suffering. There had been a time where Dream would've found it preposterous that he was considering getting hurt for George's benefit, but then again, everything is changing.

A few seconds pass and Dream hears George's breath stutter after an obscene squelching sound. It's hard not to let his mind sink to the gutter, but Dream pulls himself together and remains completely still when George unlocks his stall door. Only after he knows that George doesn't think he's going to rush at him does Dream slide off the counter. He then turns around to pack away his things and zips his bag shut as he waits for George to approach him so that the two of them can head out.

George doesn't move and Dream smiles to himself, aware that the brunet was probably wallowing

in embarrassment, but he doesn't rush him either. He simply rests against the tile walls, allowing George to take his time.

Eventually, George breaks the silence, "Dream?"

Dream hums softly, turning his head to look at his reflection in the mirror. His left hand runs through his hair once before carefully fixing a few stray strands.

"Can- can you help me?"

The shock causes Dream to lurch forward and he bangs his knee against the sink, wincing at the jolt of pain that surges through him. The help that George was asking for was clearly not the help that Dream had offered—not that he was against the idea (because he really, *really* wasn't). However, Dream finds his throat running dry and he blanks out for a second, only zoning in again when George calls out for him again.

"Oh, uh," Dream stammers, nervously wiping his hands on his jeans. "Sure- sure, what do you want me to, uh, do?"

The stall door creaks as it gets pushed open and Dream hears George hastily wipe his hands off with some toilet paper before flushing it down the toilet. Then there's a beat of silence again until the soles of George's shoes skid against the floor and Dream hears footsteps start to near him.

George walks straight to the sink next to Dream and Dream turns around in case George doesn't want Dream to see him all flushed and vulnerable. He hears the water run, the pump of soap, and the squeak of the tissue dispenser. It makes him think that George has changed his mind and just wants to get out of there as quickly as possible, so he reaches for their bags, but George stops him.

"Can you," George trails off hesitantly, but curls his fingers into the hem of Dream's shirt. "Can you touch me?"

Dream turns around slowly, too nervous to do anything about the hand fisting his shirt, and gulps away the fear in his throat that refuses to let him say anything. He takes a second to admire the blush that's dusted over George's cheeks and the hazy look in George's eyes, but his ogling gets cut short when George boldly presses his hand against Dream's crotch.

“Hey, wait- wait, George,” Dream quickly tugs George’s hand away, exhaling in relief when George doesn’t make an effort to move it back. “I’ll help you, but not like that, okay? You’re not thinking straight right now.”

George frowns stubbornly, meeting Dream’s gaze with more fire than usual, completely fueled by the desperation that his heat has brought upon him. “I *am* thinking straight.”

“Uh huh,” Dream says, carefully taking a few steps forward and then winding his arms around George’s waist from behind. “You’re mad at me, remember?”

He rests his chin on George’s shoulder, tentatively pressing a kiss on the smaller man’s temple, before reaching out and tapping the mirror in front of them so that George knows where to look. Once George is focused on their reflection, a small amount of clarity surfaces in his eyes and Dream waits for further instruction, rubbing soothing circles into George’s hips in the meanwhile.

“I know I am,” George huffs, his own hands pressing firmly onto the counter. “But I *need* you.”

Dream stifles a laugh at that, working gentle kisses down the side of George’s face. When he reaches George’s neck, his kisses linger longer and occasionally, he darts his tongue out, wetting patches that he later blows on to grant George some relief from the troubling heat. George trembles in his embrace, tilting his head to provide Dream with more access, and seeks friction by rutting against the edge of the counter.

“You’d say that to any alpha right now,” Dream replies against George’s skin.

He inches one hand under George’s shirt, long fingers splaying over the flat stomach, and applies enough pressure to elicit a noise of approval from George. For some reason, George takes that as a sign to press their lower halves together and Dream has to pull his hips away, shushing George’s displeased whines in the process.

“Stop, George,” Dream mumbles, but George chases after him anyway, too concerned with his own needs. “George, *listen* or I’m not going to help.”

That seems to effectively snap George out of his trance. He reluctantly stops his actions, dropping his gaze to where Dream’s hand disappears under his shirt, then he mumbles something that’s too soft to be heard and Dream tries his best to read George’s lips through the reflection, but is unsuccessful. To coax him into saying it again, Dream hums softly into George’s ear and nibbles

teasingly at his lobe.

“I wouldn’t,” George repeats shyly, squeezing his eyes shut when Dream moves back down to his neck which is now glistening with saliva and sweat. “I wouldn’t say that to anybody but you.”

There’s honesty in George’s words and it buds a sapling of hope in Dream’s chest, but Dream tries not to let himself get carried away. The possibility that George is talking just to earn satisfaction is miniscule, but not zero, and his heart can only take so much beating.

Besides, even if George means what he says, once the influence of his heat has passed, he’ll go back to hating Dream and those feelings might fade before Dream can gain forgiveness.

Nonetheless, Dream finds himself motivated by the implications of what George says and he rewards the needy omega by finally moving the hand that idly rests on his hip. He carefully undoes the button and zipper of George’s jeans and then he skirts the pads of his fingers along the waistband before dipping inside.

He moves at a snail’s pace, ready to stop if George shows any signs of discomfort, but George only encourages him to hurry. Dream complies, but only after getting verbal confirmation, and his entire hand pushes past the waistbands of both George’s jeans and briefs.

He moves with caution, being gentle as he guides George’s flushed dick out of its restraints, and George sucks in a breath at the faint touches.

“More,” George begs quietly, trying to roll his hips into Dream’s loose fist. “Dream, please.”

It’s hard to deny such a polite request.

Dream tightens his grip just enough for it to send a shudder down George’s back and satisfies George’s request by delivering slow strokes. George isn’t small by any means, but Dream’s hands are considerably large and therefore he doesn’t have to do much to make things pleasurable for George.

He moves lazily, twisting and flicking his wrist whenever George least expects it. The lewd noises that evade George eventually get loud enough to jeopardize them, so even if Dream wants to spend an eternity listening to the melody of their sin, he encourages George to quiet down. George listens

and clasps a hand over his mouth, muting his whines by drowning them into his trembling palm.

Not once does Dream shift his gaze from their reflection.

George's eyes roll back when Dream teasingly sinks his teeth down on his gland, not hard enough to mark, but enough to temporarily quench the thirst. Even with half his face covered, the pleasure that George is experiencing is so visually apparent.

The hand that Dream has resting over George's stomach snakes its way further up the untouched expanse of skin. Fabric bunches by Dream's wrist, revealing pale, unblemished skin and Dream's imagination runs wild, picturing all the variations of bruises he could leave as a signature.

Eventually, his nimble fingers stop traveling. They tap playfully on George's chest, mimicking the heart that's drumming rapidly underneath. A sly smile appears on Dream's face when George arches his back in response.

Mercifully, he runs his index finger over the pert nub, practically inviting George to push up into his touch. George flushes red, clearly embarrassed by how his body reacts, and Dream chuckles adoringly.

"It's okay," Dream coos after pressing a dotting kiss to George's crown. "I've got you."

The promise convinces George to relax and leave himself in Dream's care again. He leans back, his head falling comfortably onto Dream's shoulder, and flutters his eyes shut. By now, he's far past coherency and he's slowly losing the strength to even cover his mouth.

Dream rolls one of George's nipples between his thumb and index finger. It's experimental, meant to inform Dream of what George likes, and judging by the way George jerks up into the fist Dream has around his dick, it's a success.

"Kiss me," George whines, eyes bleary from arousal. "I can't- I can't be quiet, *I need* your help."

All Dream wants to do is duck his head down, mold their lips together, and help George drown out his beautiful moans. However, it's not because he wants to spare George from the embarrassment of being caught or because he wants to quiet the noises before they make things harder for him (literally).



It's because kissing George is all he's been thinking about for days.

Dream craves George's taste on his tongue. He wants to interlock their lips and lick his way into George's mouth. He wants to feel George's hot breath and the shy flicks of his curious tongue.

God, the noises he could coax out of George just to have them die on their lips. Dream wishes he would've taken his time with George when he had the chance. He should've taken George's bait sooner, then maybe he wouldn't feel so guilty about wanting to satisfy George's needy plea.

"I can't," Dream whispers softly, "I'm sorry."

It sounds ridiculous. Dream has one hand around George's cock and the other tweaking his nipple, yet he draws the line at kissing.

However, he has his reasons. He wants the next kiss they share to have meaning, more meaning than a sloppy result of sexual desire, and he also wants George to feel the same way about it.

Dream sighs at himself when he becomes aware of just how sappy his thoughts are for someone jerking someone else off in a dirty school bathroom. He doesn't know how he gets himself into these situations, really.

Thankfully, George accepts Dream's rejection without much of a fuss. His face scrunches sourly to show that he's upset, but his mind is too scrambled to care too much anyway. The hands on his body demand too much attention and George is struggling to keep up.

Dream tugs lightly on George's nipple before finally moving to the neglected one and giving it just as much care. Through incomplete comments, George tells him that it's humiliating, but he doesn't once ask Dream to stop. So his timid confession only motivates Dream to play with them even more.

"Wait- wait, Dream," George whimpers, twisting and turning in an attempt to escape Dream's embrace. "It feels- *ah*- weird.."

"I bet," Dream chuckles into George's hair, watching intently as he quickens the pace at which

he's stroking George's throbbing dick. "Gonna cum, baby? Gonna soil that pretty outfit for me?"

Being exposed to George's addictive scent for this long has nearly nullified the effect of Dream's suppressants by now. He's noticeably hard and if he doesn't get George off soon, things are going to become very painful for him and he won't be able to walk George home.

After some thought, he removes his hand from George's chest and silences the complaints that leave the dazed brunet by tightening his occupied fist. The distraction works and George begins to thrust into Dream's fist with reckless abandon, chasing the orgasm that's steadily approaching. While George is too busy to see what's happening, Dream wraps his hand around the welcoming throat on display.

Patiently, he waits for George to look in the mirror and when he does, Dream presses his thumb onto George's burning scent gland and digs into his leaking slit with the other.

*"Oh my god,"* George whimpers, the pleasure becoming too much to bear. *"Alpha, alpha."*

Dream hums in acknowledgement, nipping gently on the outer shell of George's ear. He knows what George is calling out to him for.

"Come for me, my little omega," Dream whispers, "Come for your alpha."

George quivers as he releases all over the counter top. Streaks of white splatter over George's shirt and some of it even paints his chin. George nearly falls because of how wobbly his knees have become, but Dream pins him up using his hips.

(It's not his smartest decision because feeling the cleft of George's plump ass against his raging boner makes the dizziness from earlier return.)

After Dream's done milking George through his orgasm, he retrieves a paper towel from the machine next to him. George slumps against him, making Dream chuckle softly, and they spend the next few minutes cleaning up the mess that they've made. Well, Dream does at least; George just rests comfortably in his hold.

"Alright," Dream says once he's done washing his hands. "Let's get you home, yeah?"

He steps away from George slowly, making sure that George doesn't topple over again, and then picks up both of their bags. George reaches out to grab his from him, but Dream shakes his head and gestures towards the door instead. A bit of reluctance is evident in the way George awkwardly drops his hand, but that passes over and George eventually reaches for the door, unlocking it and pushing it open.

"I'm sure people were wondering why the bathroom was locked," Dream scoffs, tossing a glance left and right before stepping out into the hallway.

George follows behind him silently, eyebrows pinched in concentration. It's a silent refusal to communicate and although Dream is definitely not thinking straight at the moment, he can understand rejection.

Is it weird that the guy you just jerked off is pretending that you don't exist ? Sure, but given the *entire* context, Dream deserves the silent treatment.

One handjob isn't going to erase all their problems. Dream can't just take all his anger and frustration out on George, help him with a quick one, and then call it even. If anything, he's sure that the handjob has made George hate him even *more* than before because he knows if he had to get help from an asshole, he'd be livid. It's embarrassing and now he would feel like he *owes* them something.

"You don't owe me anything, by the way," Dream says, but George gives him a look and Dream coughs. "Right, I'll shut up."

George rolls his eyes and then, very bitterly, he says, "Thanks for your help."

Dream trips over his own feet and struggles for the next few seconds, persistent on not falling over or dropping either of their bags. Ultimately, he stops the fall, but he has to sacrifice his dignity for it. The position he breaks himself in is awkward, knees bent and arms spread out, and George sneers when he sees it.

Had Dream not royally fucked their relationship over, George would probably be laughing heartily at the sight. His hands would reach up to cup over the lower half of his face, his eyes would turn into lovely crescents, and the sound would be harmonious instead of condescending. Just the way Dream likes.

“Yeah,” Dream clears his throat and swallows the strain there before slowly fixing his posture.  
“No problem.”

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Dream learns that pissing off somebody who knows how to press all his buttons is the worst decision he could’ve possibly made. Honestly speaking, Dream doesn’t know if he’s ever fucked up as bad as he has now.

It’s no longer a matter of “I really like this guy and I feel bad”.

It’s now a “I really like this guy and I feel bad but holy shit if he doesn’t stop I’m going to bite my own dick off.”

Initially, Dream thinks that he can handle George reverting back to their old ways. Now that he’s had a lot of life changing revelations, he can handle a lot more heat than he could before. Who knew understanding your own feelings could be such a power up?

However, it appears that George has had some eye-opening experiences of his own because the games he starts playing at are way different than the ones he used to play before.

Before, they would stick to banter that involved one of them being ‘right’. George would use Dream’s competitiveness against him and make arguments out of anything and everything. He also knew that the competitiveness was directly linked to Dream’s huge ego and it was common for him to take jabs at Dream’s pride by comparing him to other people, usually with flirtatious undertones. Just to be that extra bit of annoying.

Now? Now, he must’ve figured out that the only reason Dream humored his mischief was because Dream couldn’t help himself. There was something influencing Dream to reply when he could very well have ignored George like he does with anyone and anything he deems a waste of time.

That something was Dream’s jealousy. Jealousy derived from interest to be exact.

So, George had discovered that the best way to get back at Dream was to make him jealous. In other words, George *knew* about Dream's feelings (to some extent) and was using them against him.

After freaking out about that for a few hours, Dream came to the conclusion that his attraction was painfully obvious and after the stunt his family members pulled, it was only a matter of time before George connected the dots. He's then immediately baffled as to why George hadn't ridiculed him prior to their fight, but soon realizes that as justified as his suspicions were, maybe he *had* gone a tad bit overboard.

There's also the possibility that maybe, just *maybe*, George liked him back. Admitting to talking about Dream all the time had to mean something, right? Besides, would you be working this hard to make someone you *hate* jealous? Instead of just telling everyone that they liked you, thereby humiliating them until they're scarred for the rest of their life?

*Anyway*, to bring everything back to the present, Dream is itching with murderous intent.

It's been half a week since he helped George with his little incident and if his calculations are right, George should still be dealing with the last few days of his heat. George is clearly being very diligent about his suppressant intake, but Dream is easily able to confirm his assumptions when they pass each other in the hallway.

So, when he sees bruises littered like artwork on display and bite marks a little too close to George's gland, Dream begins to weigh the pros and cons of ripping someone's throat out.

George is allowed to be with whomever he wants, whenever he wants, but that doesn't mean Dream can exactly control his jealousy. He also knows that there's a chance George doesn't give a flying shit about what Dream's reaction to all of this is and that it's a little self-centered to assume otherwise.

But what else is he supposed to think when George *kisses* someone else in *front of him* and *smirks*.

Dream clenches his jaw, peeling his eyes away from the scene only to have them return a split second later. While he wants to look away and pretend that everything is fine, he *can't*. For him, the desire to know is greater than the desire to forget and George is aware of that as well. When Dream's gaze wobbles back to him and the alpha he's toying with, he meets his gaze immediately and sends a knowing wink.

It's infuriating. Dream wishes he could just march over and yank George away from that conniving bastard. In fact, he wouldn't mind teaching no-name a thing or two with his fist—

"Jesus christ, what did that burger do to you?"

Dream glances down at the burger in his hands, noticing that he's accidentally molded it into a very unappetizing shape, and then scowls at Punz. Punz cheekily grins and gives him a spare napkin to wipe away the cheese that's gotten onto his fingers.

"I have nothing to wear later," Alyssa whines, dramatically leaning against Puffy for support. "Did Callahan even mention what the theme of the party was?"

Sapnap shrugs, taking a sip from his juice box, "Calla likes it casual, I wouldn't stress too much."

Right, the party. Dream had completely forgotten about that. Initially, he had boldly claimed that he wasn't going as his weird attempt at setting his foot down and cutting George out of his life. Obviously, a lot has changed since then, so maybe Dream needs to start worrying about what he's going to wear as well.

At the same time, if he goes, he's going to end up searching for George because that's all he's ever done and he's not sure if he really wants to bear witness to George flirting with who knows how many people.

This was true even before his *queer epiphany*.

It would help if George were to avoid him instead because that would work much better, but George will definitely make himself easy to find. He'll display his wealth with an outfit that makes him stand out and go out of his way to be in crowds that he knows Dream will run into. That's how it's always been and since everything is going back to how it used to be, Dream has no reason to expect anything else.

Punz slings an arm around Dream's shoulder, raising an eyebrow to ask what's wrong, but Dream shakes his head dismissively. Punz drops the topic for Dream's comfort and Sapnap blows Dream a kiss to cheer him up. Alyssa, still mid-rant, slides Dream her apple juice and Puffy puts half of her burger on Dream's tray. Dream hates being coddled, but he appreciates how attentive his friends are.

“Puffy, *help*. Lend me some of your clothes.”

“Just throw on some jeans, a clean shirt and call it a day.”

“You know, you should take a picture, it lasts longer.”

Dream snaps his head up when he hears that familiar voice. He watches as George sits in the vacant seat next to him and starts to neatly arrange his notebook and pencils, then glances at his own empty desk.

Technically it’s not his fault that he had zoned out and let his mind wander to thoughts of George, George, and *George*. His teacher was beyond boring and you can’t expect someone Dream’s age to not have more important things to be concerned with.

“Sorry?” Dream says in confusion, not understanding what George is getting at, but he regrets the word as soon as it comes out of his mouth.

“There’s the word I’ve been waiting all week to hear,” George says sarcastically with a roll of his eyes, seemingly disinterested by the way he refuses to meet Dream’s gaze. “I’m talking about lunch.”

*Oh*, Dream flushes a light red. He hadn’t expected George to bring it up and now he has to defend himself for being possessive over someone that isn’t even his. It’s not looking that great for him.

If he decides to speak, he’ll probably start by talking out of his ass and then slowly spiral into a rant fueled by frustration and jealousy. So, instead of opening his mouth and making a bigger fool of himself, Dream decides to stay quiet.

It’s unfair. He’s still unreasonably upset by what he saw and he wants to do something about it, but he knows that he can’t. George can probably feel the sorrow ebbing out of Dream’s pores right

now, but Dream can't suddenly *stop* being sad, so all he can do is act like neither of them know what's going on.

George doesn't let it slide.

"I mean, I know I'm hot, but eye-fucking me while I'm with boyfriend? That's low, even for you."

*Boyfriend?*

Dream glances down at George's neck and George leans forward, purposely letting his sleeve get caught on the edge of the desk so that the collar of his shirt drags down. A flash of purple enters Dream's line of sight—lilac blotches littered all over George's prominent collar bone and leading down until it disappears behind thin fabric.

George is doing this on purpose. He's toying with Dream. He knows that Dream can't act out on jealousy no matter how feverishly it rages inside of him and that's the perfect set up for pure torture. He's kicking Dream while he's already down and Dream has had just about enough.

"Your boyfriend," Dream laughs, running a hand through his hair. "Tall, blonde. Say, does he remind you of anyone?"

George turns his head to face him, eyes forming sharp slits that let Dream know he's hit a jackpot. It was a simple observation that he had made while scrutinizing the stranger. His thought process at the time had been skewed and instead of seeing the obvious, he was busy mumbling about how that could have easily been him.

"If you wanted me that badly, you could've just asked, Georgie."

"Fuck off," George replies, gaze returning to the board so that he can resume copying notes. "The only thing I want from you is an apology, but it's obvious that you're too much of a coward to give me one."

Dream will admit that he's being very cowardly as of late, but his cowardice has not affected him trying to apologize. That connection is absurd. Dream has tried his *best* to apologize, but George has turned down every attempt. It's not even flat out rejections which Dream would understand, it's just a refusal to even listen in the first place. George has ignored him, ridiculed him, changed topics



to frustrate him, and basically been the very definition of a coward himself.

“I have been trying,” Dream says in disbelief, a frown slowly etching its way onto his forehead. His patience is reaching its limit. “Every fucking day, George, I-”

“Well you haven’t been trying hard enough,” George interrupts curtly. “Not that I’m surprised of course. You never own up to your actions because you can never admit that you’re wrong.”

Yet that’s all Dream has been doing for *weeks*. He’s been spending time reflecting on himself and correcting all his misconceptions as well as trying to make up for the wrong that he’s done. Actually, he’ll argue that in the past, even when he was so determined to be *that* much better than George, he was aware of when he was wrong. Did that mean he backed down? Of course not, but he knew. And if it didn’t concern George, then past-Dream wasn’t above seeking forgiveness either.

“You’re a pathetic excuse for an alpha.”

There’s a thundering clap that resounds in the room. Everyone’s eyes turn towards the duo brewing the storm.

Dream stands up, slides his palm off his rattled desk, and reaches down to grab his bag. His teacher berates him for creating a ruckus and leaving early, spewing nonsense about class etiquette and how attendance isn’t optional, but Dream could care less. He gives George one last look, void of any emotion, and then heads out into the hallway.

Nobody follows him. His professor lacks the energy to come confront him and his classmates, although some of them may want to seize the opportunity to get him alone, are ultimately cowards themselves. The commotion dies down as soon as Dream leaves.

The scent of discolored strawberries is stagnant, fading with each step Dream takes, and for once, he doesn’t fool himself into thinking it’ll find him.

Dream ends up taking Puffy's advice involuntarily. His outfit lacks any real flavor because he's far too preoccupied with his thoughts to think things through. Drista offers to help again, but Dream refuses and confines himself to his room where he buries his head in his pillow for hours.

Sapnap ends up having to drag him out of bed by the ankles.

Dream tells him that he *can't* go to the party, not after his embarrassing outburst in class, but Sapnap says that he did not drive all the way to Dream's house for the mooney blonde to bail on him.

So, here Dream was. Sitting on a couch with his drunk friends, dressed like every white boy ever.

"You haven't drank at all," Puffy frowns, nudging Dream's arm with her elbow. "You alright?"

Dream turns his head, angles it down, and then offers Puffy a very unconvincing smile. He says nothing, but she can tell just by reading his demeanor that he doesn't want to talk about it. So instead of pressuring him to talk, she reaches up and pats his head gently. Soon enough, Alyssa and Callahan join in and Dream rolls his eyes, knowing that those two are just treating him like their pet dog for fun.

*Pet dog.*

Dream groans and tosses his upper half over Puffy's lap, "He said I reminded him of a *cat*."

Startled by his actions, Puffy stares at Dream incredulously at first, but eventually reaches down and cards her fingers through his hair. It closely resembles a mother calming down their wailing son.

"Everything reminds me of him," Dream says as he looks up at Puffy, playing the situation off as a joke, but meaning each word.

Puffy, who has never been easy to fool, only hums and continues her motherly ministrations. It's lulling and Dream thinks he might fall asleep then and there even with the speakers blaring loud enough to make his eardrums bleed. However, the last time he fell asleep around people, they had drawn all over his face and posted it on all their social media accounts. It hadn't been anything bad; immature, yes, but not bad.

Dream likes keeping his reputation clear of those sorts of things, so he'd rather not let his guard down like that again, but he is also beyond exhausted by his own mind and Puffy's fingers feel amazing in his hair. Surely a quick nap won't hurt.

Just as he's about to doze off, a sharp ring pierces through the noise and causes Dream to jolt back up. It disappears as quickly as it had come by and after scanning the crowd around him once for anything out of place, Dream shrugs it off. Probably just his mind playing tricks on him again to shred any serenity he finds.

More and more people start arriving as time slowly passes by. What was once a comfy crowd turns into a sea of unknown faces. Dream can feel curious eyes glancing his way every now and then. If he were tipsy enough, he probably would've found someone pretty to distract him from his inner turmoil. It's not like George would care anyway, right?

Dream hasn't seen the omega since this afternoon. He was expecting to find him as soon as he stepped foot inside the house, but he has yet to see him. It could be possible that George hadn't decided to come, but Dream saw Wilbur and Alex by the bar earlier and it was highly unlikely that they were here without him.

The most probable scenario is that George was blending in with the crowd. That's also very odd since George loves making a scene out of *everything* and grand entrances were his forte, but there's no other logical explanation that Dream can think of. Besides, if Dream was an omega on the final days of his heat, he would hate to draw attention to himself too. Suppressants only do so much.

Dream is aware just how hopelessly in love he sounds. While he's busy worrying himself over George's whereabouts and safety, George is probably waltzing around with his boyfriend with Dream being literally the last person on his mind.

"I need a drink," Dream groans, standing up and stretching his arms over his head.

If he can't leave, he might as well have some fun. Maybe mingling with someone new will help drill into his head that George is not his and that it's best for him to move on. If he's lucky, George will hear his apology at their graduation, when grudges don't matter anymore.

That's more than half a year away which leaves plenty of time for Dream to get over his feelings.

He's not giving up, although it really does feel like it. He's just trying to go back to his roots and be realistic instead of optimistic because being optimistic seems to only work for Sapnap.

All Sapnap needed to do was take Karl out on a few dates and now they're a *thing*. Easy as that. Dream has been on dates before, never the same person twice, but *still*. He knows how they work and if George would just give him a chance, he would definitely be able to make him swoon. It might be a bit harder because how would someone from a middle class family ever impress someone from a multimillionaire family, but Dream would do everything to succeed.

He's also got a way with words and he's a likable guy or so he likes to think.

(George would probably disagree.)

"There you are!"

The cup that Dream has just managed to get his hands on is snatched away from him before he can take a sip. The culprit, Niki, seems very displeased to see him and Dream wonders why she would approach him in the first place if her bitter feelings were that strong. In fact, Dream is sure that had her hands not been occupied, she would've landed a clean punch on him.

"Uh," he says stiffly, trying to reclaim his drink, but being pushed away from it by Niki. "What do you want?"

"I can't believe I'm asking you of all people, but," Niki pauses, her irritated frown morphing into a look of concern. "I need you to find George."

A laugh leaves Dream and he shakes his head, waving his hand at her dismissively.

It's a downright no for three reasons. First, there's no way he's going to help someone who looks like they could hire a professional hitman to take him out. Second, he's not prepared for whatever sight he sees when he finds George. Third, George probably doesn't want to be found by *him* of all people.

"You're better off looking for him yourself," Dream says, turning around so that he can grab a new cup since Niki seems adamant about not letting his old one go.

Before he can pour himself a new drink, Niki grabs his arm with her free hand and Dream instinctively yanks it away from her. He looks back as he does so, wanting to express just how badly he was against her idea, but then he sees the desperate look in her eyes and he falters.

“I’ve been looking for half an hour,” she says, putting the cup down so that she can search for something in her purse. “He- he always texts us if he’s going to- to you know- and he didn’t this time. He also- he never does those things when he’s in heat.”

The change in her mood catches Dream by surprise and suddenly the cup in his hand is falling to the floor so that he can reach out to steady the distressed girl in front of him. Her shaky hands nearly drop the purse, but Dream grabs it before it can fall.

“Okay, okay, I’ll help,” Dream agrees, a sudden worry spiking inside of him as well. “I’ll find him.”

“He’s with that- that fucking creep, I know it,” Niki whispers, balling her hands into fists. “God, I don’t trust him at all.”

Dream sighs, standing up straight to see if he can spot George by using his height advantage, “And you trust me?”

“More than I trust him,” Niki answers after some thought. “George, though.. he definitely trusts you.”

Finding George is incredibly hard.

The first thing they do is make sure the car that George came in is still in the parking lot. Wilbur texts them when he’s spotted it which then confirms that George is still in the building somewhere.

The second thing they do is secure the exits by leaving Alex on the porch and Niki by the pool.

The last thing left is to do the actual searching, but Callahan's house is extremely big and currently filled with dozens upon dozens of people. Not to mention, George could be on the move if anything, so checking somewhere once didn't mean it was clear forever.

Dream and Wilbur, being the two tallest members in their group, divide the house in half for patrols. Wilbur suggests asking other people for help, but all they can see are people too drunk off their asses to comprehend anything, so it ends up just being them.

"Find him yet?" Niki asks on the phone.

Dream sighs quietly, "Not even a trace of his scent. How many suppressants did he take?"

"Three," Niki replies hesitantly as if Dream was going to scold her for it. "We told him not to, but he said he's done it before and that it's been fine."

Three. No wonder Dream couldn't pick up on any hint of strawberry anywhere. Mango, lime, caramel, mint, everything except what he was looking for. He even passes by a few people with other berry scented fragrances a couple of times.

Dream hasn't taken any suppressants himself, but if George had taken three, trying to track him by scent is useless. The only way Dream can find him now is by getting close enough to-

"Tell Wilbur I'm gonna check upstairs," Dream says as he pushes his way through the crowd by the staircase.

With that, he hangs up. Right before he ascends up the flight of stairs, he catches Wilbur's gaze and Wilbur sends him a nod, affirming that he'll check Dream's section too for the time being.

Nobody should be upstairs. That area was strictly off limits. However, Dream realizes something crucial.

That eerie noise he'd heard earlier, the one that had felt like a needle in his arm—that was George.

He had sensed his presence earlier while he was lying on Puffy's lap. It had been so brief, but Dream had felt it.

Dream was splayed out on the couch closest to the hallway and guessing by how quick the signal left, George had passed him in a hurry. The feeling that gutted him when he had heard the ringing wasn't friendly either. No, it made Dream feel terrible. Terrible enough to mistake it for the ache in his own chest.

Dream picks up his pace, racing up the spiral staircase. At the top was a long, narrow hallway with a bunch of doors. George could be in any one of these rooms, if he was even up here, and Dream has been in Callahan's house before to know that each of these rooms have more rooms inside of them.

It'll take a long time to thoroughly check all the rooms and they've already spent so much time searching for him. If George was in trouble, Dream being up here could be a waste of time. However, because the possibility of him being in one of these many rooms isn't zero, Dream knows that he needs to check all of them. Just to rule out the possibility once. Then he or Wilbur can guard the stairs after.

Left, right, left right. Dream enters and exits each room, leaving the doors open to remember what he's already checked. He's running, but the house is too big for him to seem any faster than a snail. It's incredibly frustrating, but he still pushes through.

He's about halfway done when he hears a loud bang.

Dream rushes out into the hallway, trying to locate the origin of the noise. None of the doors he opened are closed, so it must've come from one of the rooms ahead. When he tests that theory out by racing towards the end of the hallway, he gets hit with a nauseating wave of fear. It's enough to make his blood run cold.

"George?" He calls out shakily, pushing open one door after the other.

The signals he's receiving are so intense, it feels like they're coming from everywhere all at once, making it even harder for Dream to find George. Frustration clouds his mind and Dream almost loses the ability to concentrate. His movements grow sloppy and he starts fearing that he won't be able to find the omega in time.

Yet he keeps pushing forward, tossing himself from one room to the next. George's name falls from his lips like a mantra, hot and fresh with worry, but the music from downstairs makes it too loud for Dream to hear a response or even the rattle of objects.

The pressure builds and builds and *builds* until the dam protecting Dream's sanity is on the verge of cracking.

"*Dream.*"

The last door slams open with a thundering sound as Dream barges in hastily.

Before anything, the first thing that greets Dream is an overwhelming amount of distress. Somewhere in the mix is fear, regret and other signs of discomfort. Each signal gets stronger with each passing second and Dream feels every hair on his arm rise from the intense need to *protect*.

When his eyes adjust to the ebbing darkness of the room, they pierce straight through and see George pinned against the wall with an unrecognizable man looming over him. The stranger has one hand wrapped firmly around both of George's wrists and the other raised in a defensive fist, showing just how territorial he's become. Everything about him—from his stance to the hazy look in his eyes—screams that he's gone in rut and has no sense of self-restraint.

With each passing second, the nauseating scent of melting asphalt coating fresh strawberries grows stronger. It's another warning, but it only fuels Dream's anger further.

In less than a blink of an eye, Dream reaches them.

He curls his large hand into the primal alpha's shirt and hurls him away from George. There's a loud thud from the sound of the stranger knocking his head against the floor, but Dream can't be bothered enough to care. His first priority lies with the shaken omega staring wildly at the pair of alphas in front of him.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks, frantically scrutinizing George's features for any visible injuries or signs of pain. His ears are pounding. He can hear the beating of his own heart and it's fast. Incredibly fast. "Did he hurt you?"

At first, George remains silent, but then he meets Dream's gaze with a practiced look of feigned



confidence. “I could have handled it.”

There’s more lingering on his tongue—witty remarks to match the wicked grin his frown turns into—but Dream isn’t in the mood for banter. He’s still riding off anger and instinct. Every fibre of his being is screaming at him to keep the omega safe.

There’s also a silent demand for vengeance and the longer Dream denies himself, the stronger his thirst for blood gets.

“I don’t fucking *care*, George! Did he *hurt* you?”

George flinches at the sudden outburst. The reaction is enough for Dream to answer his own question because George would never back down from an argument like this, especially not from one with Dream. He’s never been afraid of Dream, but he’s definitely afraid of *something*.

And Dream is all too certain that the reason behind his fear is now rushing to get onto his feet and fight for his dignity.

Dream has never cared much about the responsibility and power that comes with being an alpha. He’s never cared about proving his worth or claiming that he’s the best. Competitive flames die quickly within him and logic overrides instinct. He’s had moments where he’s felt himself slip towards hidden desires, but they’ve always been easy to subdue.

Nothing has ever compared to what he’s feeling right now.

Right now, an inhumane amount of rage is coursing through his veins, poisoning every last shred of control and leaving him blind. It wreaks havoc trying to find an outlet until eventually, all Dream can think about is tearing out the other alpha’s throat.

Dream waits patiently for the other person to lunge at him first and when he does, Dream lands a clean punch across the side of his face. The nameless man hunches over, face stricken with anger, but also fear. Blood dribbles past a split on his lip and all Dream can think about is how much he craves to see more crimson taint the ground below them.

He wants the scumbag to tremble in fear, to cry in agony, to beg him for *mercy*.

As if on cue, the man jumps straight back into action, but he's already so beat up that a simple shove sends him stumbling back. The sight elicits a laugh from Dream, but it's one that lacks any humor. It sounds sarcastic, condescending, and eerie.

Like he's explaining how this will end.

With Dream's hands drenched in blood and the other alpha laying lifeless at his feet.

"I just wanted to scare him!" The guy chokes out, wiping the blood off his face messily with the back of his hand. "I needed money! I wasn't going to touch him!"

"Does it look like I care," Dream scoffs, towering over the stranger before wrapping an impolite hand around a throat coated in fearful sweat. "If you ever come near him again—if you ever even *look* at him again—"

Dream crouches down to be at face level with the alpha undeserving of his title.

"I'll kill you."

He jerks his hand, tossing the man aside and leaving him sobbing pitifully on the ground. When he stands up, George is standing by the door, nervously staring at the both of them. Dream raises his hands, trying to convey that he's not going to touch him, and slowly inches forward.

"I won't do anything," Dream promises. "But you should go downstairs and get someone to pick you up, okay?"

When George's shoulders lower and his eyes no longer hold so much skepticism in them, Dream reaches for the phone in his pocket. He sends Niki a text to inform her that he found George and gives her a quick gist of what happened. She replies telling him that he should've killed the weeping alpha behind him and he laughs.

"He said he was going to hurt me if I didn't give him money."

Dream picks his head up immediately, putting his phone away to give George his full attention.

“Said I didn’t wanna mess with an alpha,” George continues. “Because what was a ‘useless omega’ going to do.”

Dream’s hands turn back into tight fists and he turns around with the full intent of stomping on the alpha until he’s immobile, but George stops him by curling a hand around his wrist. There’s an unsaid request to leave the room and Dream listens to it, guiding them out into the hallway. George’s hand slips from his wrist to his hand and Dream interlaces their fingers to let George know that it’s okay to hold onto him.

Slowly, they walk downstairs and reconvene with the others. Dream offers to wait with George until his driver gets there so that the others don’t have their entire night taken away from them and that’s how they end up standing outside, right beside each other.

“You can go too,” George mumbles while the two of them wait by the end of the sidewalk.

“And risk something like that happening again? I’ll pass,” Dream replies, shoving his hands into his pocket.

The autumn chills are unkind to him, but he doesn’t mind the risk of getting a cold. The thought of someone trying to hurt George again is terrifying. He never wants to experience that kind of fear ever again.

“I was so scared I wouldn’t make it in time,” Dream admits, looking up at the colorful leaves that are threatening to fall off the branches. “I don’t know what I would’ve done if he hurt you.”

“He didn’t,” George says softly, “It’s okay.”

“But he could’ve,” Dream says, dragging a hand over his face. “On second thought, I think I know what I would’ve done. I think- I think I would’ve actually killed him.”

George laughs quietly at that and Dream tells him not to because he’s being dead serious. That only makes George laugh even more which eventually elicits a quiet giggle out of Dream as well. Relief settles on their shoulders and Dream finally stops feeling so on edge about everything.

In the absence of fear is sorrow.

“I should’ve been quicker- I took nearly an *hour* to find you,” Dream groans, slouching against the lamppost behind him. “God, I really am a pathetic excuse for an alpha, huh? Can’t even protect the person I care the most about.”

Soft hands land over Dream’s trembling pair and then hesitantly guide them over smooth fabric before anchoring them on prominent hips. Dream stares in bewilderment, but doesn’t dare move an inch and his cooperation grants George an extra boost of coincidence.

Dream watches George peer up at him with mixed emotions and as he’s about to ask what’s wrong, George squeezes his eyes shut and pushes himself up to close the gap between their lips. Dream stumbles briefly, thankful for the post that’s supporting him from behind, and moves one hand to the small of George’s back. After the initial shock subsides, his eyelids fall shut and he cranes his neck down, relieving George from the discomfort of having to tiptoe.

The kiss is soft, neither of them daring to turn it into anything more. Actually, Dream isn’t sure if he *wants* it to be anything more. He likes the gentle warmth of what they’re experiencing and as much as he enjoys the battle of their twin flames, he wants this moment to last.

It’s sweet. Dream pours his feelings into it, letting George taste his confession, and he swears that George is repaying the favor.

When they pull away, Dream smiles lovingly and teases George by bumping their noses together. George shies away with a half-hearted glare, but Dream chases after him and the two of them share another tender kiss.

“You found me,” George mumbles against his lips, pressing their foreheads together. “That’s all that matters.”

Dream stays silent with endless amounts of adoration swimming in sage pools and George stares back, one hand carefully cupping the blonde’s frost bitten cheek. There’s sincerity in their gazes and Dream allows himself to listen to George’s reassurance. He leans into the affectionate touch, his vulnerability on full display, and George smiles like he knows everything Dream is trying to convey.

What pulls them away from each other is the loud honk George's driver uses to signal that he's here. Their actions are abrupt and shy despite not having been caught doing anything risqué. It makes the both of them huff out a laugh.

"Do you want to come with me?" George asks, gesturing towards the car.

Dream tosses a glance over his shoulder, looking at the stream of party lights lighting up the entire block. His friends won't mind, right? It's not like they're depending on him for anything and he can just explain the situation afterwards.

"Yeah," Dream says, stepping forward and tugging the door open for the both of them. "I'd like that."

George steps into the car and Dream follows, carefully locking it shut behind them. The driver meets their gaze in the mirror and a knowing smile appears on her face. Dream waves awkwardly, but George reaches over and closes the window between them. When Dream glances over to ask why, the barely visible red on George's cheeks speak volumes.

"Don't- don't listen to whatever she says," George mumbles, folding his arms over his chest and looking out the window. "Or what any of my maids say either."

Dream bites back a fond smile, shaking his head and glancing down at his lap. "As you wish, princess."

"Don't call me that."

It never fails to amaze Dream just how much space George has to himself. However, this is the first time Dream sees just how empty the grand estate truly is.

George seems incredibly close with all his workers and Dream thinks that his benevolence comes from the fear of being alone. Dream can't imagine just how lonely it would be if only one person lived in this entire mansion. It's probably why George spends all his holidays taking extravagant

trips somewhere with his friends.

“So,” George says while they’re standing in the garden. “Which one is your favorite?”

Dream stops eyeballing the large assortment of flowers, “Huh, what?”

It was Dream’s idea to visit the garden. Neither of them knew what to do once they arrived at George’s. Perhaps they should’ve talked about their feelings with more coherency, but it was hard to jump into that and they both ended up sitting in painful silence.

So, Dream’s eyes drifted and drifted until they landed on a vase of dandelions perched neatly on the windowsill. When asked about it, George explained that they were his favorite and that one of his gardeners had picked the flowers straight from his garden.

Being the curious cat that Dream is, of course he had to then *see* said garden.

“I asked what your favorite flower is,” George repeats with a scoff. “You know mine, it’s only fair if I know yours.”

Dream forms a small ‘o’ with his mouth, “Roses. I like roses.”

George hums softly and then steps forward, grabbing Dream’s hand gently before guiding him further down the pathway. Dream’s heart stutters, still having to get used to the feeling of euphoria that comes from holding hands with George, and his feet nearly trip over air. George stifles a laugh at how uncharacteristically clumsy Dream is tonight, but he keeps with the quick pace.

Eventually they get to where George is leading them to. A clearing with dozens of rose bushes varying in color: white, pink, yellow, and Dream’s favorite, red. They all circle neatly around a gazebo that rests at the end of the brick path.

“They’re my mother’s favorite too,” George mumbles, letting go of Dream’s hand. “This is her favorite spot whenever she visits.”

It’s weird to hear George say that his mother ‘visits’ their home instead of saying that she returns to

it. The phrase is accurate, considering how rare it is for George's parents to be here, but it's still weird and Dream feels bad for what George has to go through.

"Stop pitying me," George scowls, nudging Dream's side playfully with his elbow. "I'm fine being on my own."

Dream reaches down, retaking George's hand in his own, and tugs him forward. They stumble into the gazebo and Dream twirls George around, pushing him to sit on the edge of its wooden fence. George stares up at him, baffled by his motive, but Dream doesn't explain. He simply places both his hands on either side of George's thighs and hunches over to effectively cage the shorter man with his body.

"You're not alone anymore," Dream whispers softly, leaning in until their lips are barely touching. "You have me."

The kiss that follows is similar to the one they shared earlier. Sweet and soft, not yet bridging its path to savory. The only difference is that now, Dream feels more certain that George reciprocates his feelings.

Dream knows that George is not used to being very straightforward with emotions other than anger, courtesy of his upbringing, and the reason behind that intellect is obvious.

They've always been able to peel away each other's layers.

So, Dream shouldn't have to go over every possible outcome in his head as he melts into the caressing touch of George's lips, but he is. Sensing an emotion and being able to correlate it to the right thought are two different things.

Apparently, Dream is gifted with incredible obliviousness when it comes to romance. Therefore, deciphering where George's shyness is originating from is hard for him. However, Dream thinks he's getting the hang of it.

George sliding his hands over Dream's and slotting his fingers into the gaps in between has to be in Dream's favor, right? George pushing himself up, chasing after Dream's lips when the blonde pulls away for air, must be a good sign, right?

“George,” Dream whispers, sliding their intertwined hands up until he can leave George’s limp hands around his neck. “I think.. I think I love you.”

Saying it is a lot easier than Dream had imagined it to be and once the words are out, he wants to say them again and again. He stamps each confession onto George’s skin, kisses travelling from round cheeks to a sharp jawline and then down a pale neck.

“I love you.”

Dream covers each fading bruise from people before him with a new one of his own, reclaiming what’s his. George sighs softly, tilts his head back to give Dream more space, and threads his fingers into the tiny golden strands at the back of Dream’s neck.

“I love you.”

Dream dips his tongue down into George’s collarbone, blowing gently to elicit a reaction from George. The soft moans encouraging Dream to go further get cut short by a gasp and Dream chuckles fondly, kissing his way back up to George’s lips.

“I love you, George,” Dream mumbles, anchoring his hands on George’s lithe waist. “I’m sorry for not realizing it sooner and hurting you the way that I did.”

George laughs quietly, rubbing the nape of Dream’s neck with his fingers. “Apology accepted. I’m sorry for calling you a ‘pathetic excuse for an alpha’, I didn’t mean it.”

Dream rolls his eyes, leaning down to steal a kiss off of George’s puckered lips. “Apology not accepted. That was mean.”

A light scoff of disbelief leaves George and he nudges Dream’s nose lightly with his own, but Dream keeps the pout on his lips, feigning genuine hurt to trick a kiss out of George. George can see right through him, but he leans in anyway.

This kiss is a lot more playful with both of them nipping daringly at the other’s lower lip, trying to see just how far they can push each other before one of them grows impatient. To no surprise, Dream is the one to succumb first and whether that’s due to his lack of self restraint or his lack of care is up for debate.



Either way, he drags George in close and drags his tongue over George's plump lip for permission. The approval is instant and Dream carefully laps his way into George's mouth, tongue delving over and under to taste every inch that he can reach. George curls his tongue around Dream's and Dream gladly lets him take the lead. It seems to be a bit new for George and Dream can feel the smaller man hesitate, so he rubs soothing circles into his waist in hopes to calm him down.

George ventures as much as he can, gliding his tongue over the roof of Dream's cavern before dipping down and flicking at the underside of Dream's wet muscle. When he grows tired from his energetic exploration, the two of them part, gasping for air.

Dream's recovery is quicker than George's. While George tries his best to steady his breathing, Dream's hands waste no time in unbuttoning George's shirt. His mouth attaches itself to George's neck once again, leaving quick and sloppy open-mouthed kisses as he works down to George's chest. With more to appreciate, Dream slows down, marveling at the sight before him.

"Stop staring," George whines, hands falling to Dream's shoulders so that he can give the taller man a light shove.

"Sorry," Dream whispers, swallowing the lump in his throat. "You're just so beautiful."

George opens his mouth, ready to give another embarrassed order, but all that comes out is a surprised moan. He glances down to meet Dream's gaze and Dream has the audacity to smirk as if his teeth aren't teasing one of George's perky nipples.

Dream tugs gently and then soothes the nub with his tongue, his lips later applying gentle suction for further care. A choked gasp and needy mewl push past George's glossy lips and the fists he has in Dream's shirt are strong enough to nearly tear through the fabric. Dream moves his attention to the other nipple, giving it the same treatment until the end where instead of pulling away, he gives it a tiny peck.

"That's embarrassing," George says in between whimpers, "St- stop it, you.. idiot."

Dream laughs, rising to his full height again before brushing his thumb over his bottom lip. George's eyes trace the action and Dream teases him by blowing a kiss. When George looks away shyly, Dream allows himself the pleasure of admiring the artwork his mouth has left on the omega's body.

A constellation of red bruises that'll turn purple as they sink into George's skin.

Dream brushes off the flimsy shirt from George's narrow shoulders and then runs his tongue over his sharp teeth. There's still so much skin he can print his name onto.

"Here," George whispers, catching Dream's attention. "Mark me here."

George cranes his neck and suddenly Dream's knees buckle. A wave of George's addictive scent wraps itself around Dream, draining him of his strength. It's not like this is the first time George has presented himself to him, but because he *means* it this time and because he's in *heat*, everything is so much more intense.

Dream grips onto one of the supporting pillars to prevent himself from falling down and to hold himself back from lunging at the omega in front of him. George, on the other hand, wants nothing more than for Dream to succumb to his primal urges and claim him. He waits another minute or so for Dream to compose himself and then hooks a leg around Dream's waist, drawing him in close.

"Alpha."

The reaction is immediate. Dream dips his head down, his mouth damn near salivating when it reaches George's exposed gland. Both of Dream's hands fall to George's thighs and he leans in, pressing their bottom halves together until he's sure that George can feel him *throb*.

Dream grazes his teeth over the area he wants so badly to sink into and it pulls out the whiniest cry he's ever heard leave George. He continues to tease the skin gently, warming it with his tongue and cooling it with his breath, but George urges him to get on with it, hips far from shy as they roll against Dream's.

Dream takes a deep breath before granting his wish.

Carefully, he brackets the swollen gland with his ever so eager canines and then clamps down. A surge of pleasure courses through him almost immediately and Dream finds himself torn between two extremes. Either he can pull away now and cut this ecstasy short for the both of them or he can continue and risk not being able to stop.

The decision is made for him when George's sinful moans leave his bruised lips and cascade down to reach Dream's ears.

Dream pushes himself deeper, making sure that he's biting hard enough to break the skin, but only to draw a few drops of blood. Once the metallic taste reaches him, Dream uses every bit of strength he has left to pull away. His tongue eagerly cleans the mess and once he's done, he pulls back to examine his handiwork.

George shudders as the aftershocks of being marked run through him. His thighs quiver in Dream's hold and it's only then that Dream notices his deathly grip. There's no doubt that there will be noticeable handprints there tomorrow.

"Quiet, baby," Dream mutters, combing through George's hair with one hand. "You don't want anyone to see you like this, do you?"

Dream's eyes travel over George's head, eyeing the path that they'd walked down. The lights on the upper floor are off and none of the windows on the bottom floor have a clear view of them. In other words, they're lucky for the strategic placement of the gazebo because neither of them had thought anything through prior to jumping on one another.

"Dream," George whispers, trembling hands sliding to the taller man's chest. "Need- I need more."

Dream grins, hands eager to knead George's thighs before cupping the underside and hoisting him up. George yelps, but quickly wraps his legs around Dream's waist and fists his hands into Dream's shirt. It's almost guaranteed that someone will see them if they walk in like this, but Dream doesn't really care. He's planning to make George scream loud enough for them to find out anyway.

"You smell so good," Dream compliments, burying his nose in George's hair before taking a careful step back. "Bet you taste good too."

George gets jostled in his hold, but both of their grips remain secure and it doesn't really end up phasing either of them. One step after the other, Dream slowly walks them back towards the building. George seems to have a few complaints about being carried in like this, but none of them are strong enough to overcome his desire, so he doesn't voice them.

The suppressants that George took are on the verge of wearing off and Dream is thankful that he

was allowed to mark George before it did. It makes things more bearable and he's no longer itching to pounce on George and take him right then and there.

"Don't," George warns shyly, burying his face into the crook of Dream's neck. "Don't say stuff like that."

His body betrays him, ears turning pink and mouth producing sin. He's still persistent about keeping some of his pride, doing his best to mute his whines by sinking his teeth into Dream's skin, but he can only last so long. Once Dream has hiked the memorized path to George's room and the door falls shut behind them, George is quick to succumb to his instincts.

Dream barely has time to place George safely on the bed before George is yanking him down on top of him. George's hands glide down Dream's slender body, hook into the hem of Dream's shirt, and try to discard the fabric.

"Off," George commands, voice light and airy.

Dream sits up and raises an eyebrow, challenging George to repeat his order, but George dips his head down, losing his attitude quickly. Compliance gains him the reward of Dream fulfilling his request by tugging his shirt off.

George hastily peels his own shirt off and then places his hands on Dream's newly exposed skin. He touches each defined curve, drags his nails over the toned stomach, and feels every inch that he can comfortably reach. If he weren't in such a hurry to have Dream inside of him, he could probably spend an eternity worshipping the beauty.

Dream reaches down, undoing both the button and the zipper of his jeans, but he doesn't pull them off just yet. Instead, he redirects his attention to the omega underneath him, making quick work of freeing him from the restraints of his pants. His palms slide over milky skin, traveling higher and higher until he can trace the red outlines he left on George's thighs earlier.

"Hurry up," George whines impatiently, planting his feet onto the bed and lifting his hips so that Dream can remove his briefs as well. "Want you *inside*, Dream, come *on*."

In retaliation, Dream pinches George's inner thigh.

George cries at the stinging pain and Dream lands a resounding smack on the side of his ass. There's a pout on George's lips, but it's not because he dislikes the rough treatment. It's because he knows Dream is reprimanding him for his impatience and because he's not getting what he wants.

"Look at you," Dream mutters, pressing a hand down firmly on George's crotch and causing the latter to squirm eagerly. "Everyone's spoiled you rotten, haven't they, brat?"

His hand closes around the outline of George's dick and when he feels it twitch in response, a nearly sadistic laugh bubbles past his lips. His fingers dip down, pressing harder to give George a false sense of hope that he's finished with his merciless teasing, and when George tries to buck into the touch, he pulls away completely.

"You've forgotten where you belong, *omega*."

Dream hooks his fingers into the waistband of George's briefs, yanking them off in one swift motion, and the force causes George's lower half to collapse onto the mattress. Humiliation only catches up to George once Dream blatantly rakes his eyes over George's slim figure and George meekly tries to cover himself up with his hands.

Dream doesn't let him get away with it, grabbing both of George's thin wrists in one hand and pinning it over the brunette's head to keep him on full display. His other hand slowly maneuvers it's way down, touching everywhere *but* the one place George is begging for his attention.

"Dream," George sighs in exasperation, rolling his hips to try and chase Dream's elusive hand. Dream tightens his grip on George's wrists a considerable amount and George groans in frustration, "*Please*."

A smile curls onto Dream's lips and he shows mercy by forming a loose fist around George's weeping cock. The evidence of George's arousal taints his hands as he carefully works his hand up and down in gentle strokes.

Underneath him, George falls apart like he's never known grace. A series of pleas fall from his lips, becoming more and more incoherent as time passes by, and Dream wonders how long it'll be before George can only make sounds. George's desire to fight back and reclaim authority over Dream has long since died by now. All he can do is spread his legs and turn his head to the side, trying to hide his lewd expressions from Dream's view so that he can save the little dignity he has left.

Dream lets him writhe in search of more pleasure and doesn't do anything about him trying to cover his face either. He knows that whatever George tries to do will ultimately fail unless Dream grants him permission. Because right now, with Dream hovering over him and effortlessly pinning him to the bed, George is at his mercy. He can't escape Dream's piercing gaze and if Dream wants, he can move away the fist he has around George's throbbing cock at any time.

"I give the orders around here," Dream says, his tone leaving no room for argument. "And you're gonna be a good boy and listen."

Dream lightly scrapes the vein on George's dick with his nail and George arches his back off the sheets, wanting to both escape and chase the mixture of pain and pleasure. His chest heaves with each pant he lets out and he squeezes his eyes shut when Dream digs his thumb into his messy slit. Tears spill from the corners of his eyes and cascade down his cheeks, hooking under his jaw where Dream eagerly licks them away.

Just when George thinks that he's being given time to breathe, Dream's grip on his dick tightens and the pace of his strokes become breathtakingly fast. George scrambles to get a hold of something, but Dream keeps his hands above his head, refusing to let George find a sense of stability. The rough handling only adds to George's pleasure and George finds himself nearing release unbelievably quick. White spots enter his line of sight and he relays the message to Dream by begging him to slow down, but all his cries fall on deaf ears.

When George is at the brink of coming undone, his wrists are freed from ensnarement. George immediately brings his hands down and curls his fingers around Dream's upper arms, feeling the muscles tense from all the energy Dream is exerting to maintain his brutal pace. It only takes a few more strokes for George to cry out Dream's name and paint white streaks all over their chests.

Dream presses doting kisses onto George's forehead as he guides him through his high. George twitches in his hold, broken sobs pushing past his swollen lips, and once he feels himself teetering towards overstimulation, he claws at Dream's arms to get him to stop.

Although Dream wants to continue pushing him a little more, his own impatience is building. His cock is aching in his jeans, begging for attention, and his self-restraint is slowly slipping into nothingness.

George acts on Dream's thoughts like he's read them, sliding his hands down Dream's sweaty torso and following the sharp v-line down to the top of Dream's jeans. Once there he looks up at Dream for permission and Dream nods, gesturing for him to do what he wants. Immediately, George strips the blonde of his remaining clothes.

Dream sits up briefly, kicking off his jeans and underwear until they fall forgotten on the floor. Then he moves a hand down to cup George's thigh, lifting it up so that he can see the mess that George has made on the bed.

The sheets are damp. George moves his hands down to cover his pink hole that's glistening with arousal, but Dream swats them away. He wants nothing to hinder his view of the mesmerizing sight in front of him.

Cautiously, Dream singles out a finger and circles it around George's puckered rim. George's breath hitches and he moves away from the touch, embarrassed by having such a vulnerable part of him being put on display, but Dream tightens his grip around George's thigh and drags him back, his index finger then pushing gently past the tight ring of muscle.

"You're so wet," Dream says in awe, stopping the intrusion at his first knuckle and simply admiring how easily George takes him in. "All this because of me, doll?"

The rest of his finger slides in without resistance and Dream has to bite back a moan when he imagines the heat engulfing something else. He can feel George's walls tremble and he curls his finger, searching for that little bundle of nerves.

"Of- of course it's because of you," George says in between shaky breaths, covering his face with his forearms. "It's *always* because of you- *only* you."

Dream smiles to himself, finding George even more endearing than usual, and pulls his finger out. He can't help but want to tease George when the omega's reactions are this cute.

George whines in frustration, moving his hands down so that he can grab onto Dream's arm and guide him forward. The tip of Dream's finger breaches his wet entrance again, but this time, Dream brings another finger with it. George's breath stutters and he winces at the initial stretch, but Dream takes good care of him.

He moves slowly and comforts George by landing a flurry of kisses all over his face. George can't help but giggle at the ticklish sensation and before he knows it, both of Dream's fingers are settled inside of him, knuckle deep. Dream waits for George to adjust and once he feels George's hole flutter around him with want, he drags his fingers out and thrusts them inside again.

"Is this what you think of when you let those other alphas fuck you?"

Old sparks of jealousy ignite within Dream when he remembers that other people have seen George like this. That anger is then turned into determination and Dream makes sure that each thrust of his fingers reach deeper and deeper inside of George. His fingers spread and twist one way or the other, relentlessly looking for that one spot.

“Yes,” George gasps, hands flying up to grip onto his own hair. “Fuck, *fuck*, yes. Always- always thought of you. Wanted you so *bad*, Dream.”

Satisfactory pride cools the anger inside of Dream, but he doesn’t slow down his pace. Instead, he turns his wrist a little bit and changes the angle of his thrusts, curious to see if it’ll have an effect.

George immediately jerks up, a cry ripping from his throat, and Dream nearly loses his grip on the smaller man’s thigh. A quiet chuckle leaves the dirty blonde at just how expressive George is being, but George doesn’t hear him and continues to let out filthy moans.

Dream slows down the speed of his thrusts momentarily, introducing a third finger to the quivering hole. George doesn’t share his patience and takes a lot less time to adjust to the stretch this time around. He bucks his hips towards Dream demandingly and Dream rolls his eyes, but decides to let the attitude slide just this once because his own thirst has yet to be quenched.

The faster Dream moves his hands, the more hiccuped George’s moans get. The harder Dream thrusts into him, the louder George cries his name. Dream doesn’t think he’ll ever get tired of discovering these things about George.

“Enough,” George whimpers, although his hips seem to disagree and continue to meet Dream’s rapid thrusts. “Enough, Dream- *Clay*, I want you inside.”

Dream groans upon hearing the request and quickly pulls his fingers out of George’s slick hole. His dick eagerly twitches when he forms a fist around it, the tip already flushed into an angry shade of pink, and he spreads his fingers, coating himself with the residue of George’s arousal. Once he deems that he’s lubricated enough, he slides in between George’s cheeks, grinding against the needy hole with steady thrusts. George begs for him to stop teasing, but Dream takes his time, wanting to enjoy every second that he has.

He moves his fingers up, pressing on the side of his tip so that it slides past the slippery rim, and then pulls away again. George thrashes in frustration, but Dream still refuses to give him what he wants.



“Can’t wait to bury myself in you,” Dream rushes, loving how George can’t manage anything but a deprived moan in response. “Eager, aren’t you, pup?”

George nods, parting his legs further and spreading his pretty hole with two fingers. The sight is alluring and Dream nearly gives into the temptation, rolling his tongue past his lips. However, he has other things planned, so he continues his shallow thrusts until George’s frustration reaches a breaking point.

George hoists himself up onto his elbows and then reaches down with one hand, intending to push Dream inside since the blonde won’t quit teasing him, but Dream stops him midway, wearing a grin that’s as devious as ever.

“Beg for it.”

The cherry blush on George’s cheeks somehow turns even darker and George looks away, refusing to put himself that low. Feeling equally as stubborn, Dream pushes his tip back into George to get his attention and then pulls out again after hearing George’s trembling exhale.

He knows that it’s only a matter of time before George gives him what he wants. George is in too deep to back out now and Dream can see that he’s growing tired of fighting his own instincts. Every fibre of his being is telling him to be obedient and submit to the alpha whose mark he bears.

“Please,” George mumbles quietly, tears of embarrassment dotting his pretty lashes and clumping them together. “Please fuck me, Clay. Need- need you to fuck me.”

Dream coos softly, rewarding him by pushing in an extra inch, but stops before anything can truly feel pleasurable. “You can do better than that, puppy.”

George glances up at Dream, lower lip quivering from Dream’s seemingly never-ending teasing, and Dream almost feels bad. *Almost*. He can tell that George is trying to trick his way out of humiliating himself and Dream won’t have that. He wants George to remember just how big of a mess Dream had turned him into. He wants George to remember his place and who put him there.

The facade is George’s last card to play. After it fails on him, he crumbles, lips parting to spew the vulgarity that Dream wants to hear.

“Alpha, *please*, I can’t- I can’t wait anymore. W’na feel your knot, alpha, want you to come deep inside and *breed* me. I’ll be good, I’ll be so good, I promise- *please*. ”

There’s no room for hesitation when Dream roughly grabs ahold of George’s hips and slams himself inside. A guttural moan leaves him, complimenting George’s scream, and he has to wait a second to regain his stability. With how tightly George is gripping onto him, Dream knows he won’t last long.

George isn’t faring much better, already a shivering mess underneath Dream. As big as Dream is, George’s desire has grown to overwhelming heights and numbs the pain of the intrusion quickly.

Dream can feel George’s walls shift to accommodate for his big size and it fills him with a sense of pride knowing that George is becoming his perfect little cocksleeve. Another low moan evades Dream under the guise of an exhale and he tries to stay as still as possible so that George doesn’t hurt himself while adjusting.

Once he deems that George is alright, he slowly draws his hips back and thrusts himself deep inside once again. He settles for a moment, appreciating the addictive heat that surrounds him, and then repeats his actions. Gradually, he builds a pace that works for the both of them.

Cries of *faster, harder, deeper*, echo in the room. Dream struggles to keep up with each request while simultaneously preventing himself from giving in to his own primal urges. The way George sucks him in makes it hard for Dream to hold back, but he clenches his jaw and pushes through.

There’s drool on George’s lips and Dream reaches down to wipe it away with his thumb. When the distance between them narrows, George places his hands on Dream’s broad shoulders and then slides them down to Dream’s back. Each time Dream slams inside of him, George sinks his nails into Dream’s skin and Dream is certain that he’s dug deep enough to leave marks of his own. Scratches that’ll show everyone who Dream belongs to.

Dream buries his face into the crook of George’s neck, teeth grazing his territorial bite. He inhales the fresh fragrance that greets him and succumbs to his instincts for a second, thrusting himself into George with an almost inhuman amount of strength. George cuts off his mindless babbles with a sharp moan and Dream feels him tense at just how far Dream is reaching inside of him.

Both of them glance down, seeing the bulge in George’s lower stomach, and George pushes against Dream’s chest to stop himself from cumming then and there. Dream laughs fondly, kissing

at George's rosy lips, but grants him relief by halting his thrusts momentarily.

"Almost there?" Dream asks, nudging George's nose with his own and grinding into him once.

George barely manages to nod and swallows thickly before speaking, "Cum.. cum inside me."

Dream sighs softly, dropping his head onto George's shoulder and nudging the swollen base of his cock against George's filthy rim. He doesn't understand how George can say such dirty things with the most innocent looking smile. It feels almost impure to taint him like this, to thrust his knot inside and pump him full of cum.

"I don't think I would be able to pull out even if I wanted to," Dream admits.

He takes it slow when he pushes the last inch of his dick inside of George. Discomfort still surfaces on George's face and Dream tries his best to calm him by littering soft kisses down his neck.

He hovers his mouth over the defining mark before pressing his tongue on it and then tracing the outline. George curls into him and Dream takes the opportunity to flip them around. The bed squeaks when Dream's back hits the sheets and George lets out a similar noise himself, startled by the change in position. Dream pats his hips gently and George gets the idea, shifting around until he's comfortably straddling the blonde.

"I'm a little tired," Dream lies, hooking one arm behind his head and grinning up at George with mirth. "Gonna need you to put in some work, sweetheart."

George places his hands on Dream's chest, understanding what is being asked of him, but being unsure of his own capabilities. His legs are sore and he's feeling incredibly weak, even more so now with Dream sitting so deep inside of him.

"You promised to be good, George," Dream continues, his left hand pressing firmly onto George's stomach until he can feel himself. "I'd hate to stop now because you were *lying*."

The empty threat seems to get Dream's point across and George bites down on his lower lip before carefully pushing himself up, off Dream's lap. He waits for a second, bracing himself for the next step, and then sinks back down onto Dream's cock. His weight easily pushes Dream into the hilt

and it evokes a satisfied moan from the both of them.

George struggles to keep himself up straight and takes in a deep breath as he lifts his hips again and drops them back down. He tests just how far he can go without exhausting himself or having Dream slip out of him and figures out what works best for him. The pace he sets isn't fast, but whatever is lacking in speed is doubled in strength. George makes sure Dream reaches the deepest parts of him and jumps in ecstasy each time he successfully finds his own prostate.

Dream feels his muscles tense dangerously and as much as he wants to sit back and do nothing but admire George, he can't. He needs to chase after the climax that's just out of his reach. His hands feel at home when they're clamping down on George's small waist and George seems to like having them there just as much because he sends Dream a blissed out smile of approval.

Too caught up in his own pleasure, George doesn't notice Dream readjusting himself underneath him and almost falls forward when Dream thrusts up into him.

*"Dream!"*

George's hands fly up to rest over Dream's and he struggles to keep up with the new rhythm that Dream is setting. Strangled shouts and choked sobs leave him as the pressure builds and he tries to let Dream know he's close, but his mouth won't form sentences anymore.

Dream gets the message anyway, feeling George clench around him, and he moves George's hips to meet his brutal thrusts halfway. The coordination begins to lack as Dream's own climax closes in on him, but he maintains his pace and eventually, George gives out.

Dream watches as George orgasms for the second time that night.

George's mouth falls open, letting a shrill cry escape him, and his eyes roll to the back of his head. His back arches and his entire body trembles from how hard everything hits him. The image is more beautiful than Dream can put into words and he stares hard enough to burn the memory in his mind, hoping to never forget it.

His hips stutter and his cock twitches inside of George. The sudden tightness makes each thrust so much more pleasurable and Dream is so, *so* close to cumming. He barely manages to catch George when George falls forward.

George remains limp in Dream's hold so that Dream can use him to chase his own orgasm and Dream does just that, gripping George's hips even tighter while drilling into his tired body. George has yet to recover from his sensitivity and in order to deal with the overstimulation, he bites down on Dream's shoulder. The little sting of pain and the thought of being claimed as George's ends up being the extra push that Dream needs.

Dream releases deep inside of George and slowly rides his high out by rolling his hips in circular motions. George mewls right by Dream's ear, mumbling about how full he feels, and Dream has to breathe deeply to calm himself down before he flips George over and fucks right into him again.

"Clay," George mumbles into Dream's chest, refusing to get off even after Dream offers to run him a bubble bath.

Dream pats George's leg gently and sighs in defeat, aware that George isn't going to let either of them move for a while. "Yes?"

George shifts a bit, being careful not to let Dream slip out of him because he doesn't want to soil his sheets anymore than he already has.

The problem isn't that he can't buy a new pair, obviously, but that making an even bigger mess would mean that they would *have* to clean up now instead of in the morning. George is exhausted and all he wants to do is to lay there in Dream's embrace and drift off into a peaceful slumber.

"I love you too, idiot."

Dream grins, wrapping George up in a big hug and squeezing him tight enough to get an annoyed squeak from him. He then pushes his cheek up against George's and coos softly, letting George know just how adorable he finds him.

"Knock it off," George grumbles, but Dream shakes his head and George doesn't have the energy to continue protesting.

He lies still, letting Dream shower him in affection, and eventually, Dream's own exhaustion catches up to him and he stops. The two of them close their eyes and silently listen to each other's steady breathing.

Dream finds himself nearing the brink of sleep when George speaks again. He blinks through his blariness and tips his head down to look at George, but George's face remains hidden in his chest.

"Did you say something?" Dream asks lazily, raising a hand to play with George's soft curls.

George hesitates, trying to bury his face deeper into Dream's chest, "I said you're the only person that I've let knot me."

Dream's eyes widen in surprise, baffled at how to react to George's confession. He's incredibly happy, that's without a doubt, but he doesn't really know what to say. George probably feels him stiffen because he glances up and glares at Dream. However, any chance George has of being intimidating goes out the window because his cheeks are pink in embarrassment and his lips are jutted to form a small pout.

"Aw," Dream says, unable to resist pinching one of George's cheeks. "Were you saving that for me?"

George's doe eyes briefly relay shock and he quickly returns to hiding away in Dream's bare chest.

"No way," Dream laughs quietly, giving George another light squeeze. "You are so *cute*, Georgie. Wanted me that badly, huh?"

"You're an asshole. I hate you."

"Oh, come on, you don't mean that."

"Fuck you."

"I mean, I'm kind of tired, but if you insist—"

George tries to smother Dream to death with a pillow that night and Dream thinks that if *this* is romance, then he's definitely been missing out.

## End Notes

Hi, I'm back, who cheered?

Jokes aside, I took a long break for personal reasons and have come back to post this. 44k words.. and here I thought it would be shorter than my other one-shots. I always end up lying to myself like this.

This was written for the one user that asked if I would ever delve into ABO dynamics. I'm definitely not the best at it, but I wanted to try for you. :)

Thank you all for reading! Hope you liked it! Stay hydrated, eat well, and stream "Change My Clothes".

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